

THE
ECCENTRICITIES

OF
JOHN EDWIN,
COMEDIAN.

COLLECTED FROM HIS MANUSCRIPTS,
AND ENRICHED WITH
SEVERAL HUNDRED ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

ARRANGED AND DIGESTED BY
ANTHONY-PASQUIN, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

VOL II.

Heu ! quam difficile est gloriæ custodia.

"WE NE'ER SHALL LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN."

L O N D O N.

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CHARACTERISTICS

JOHN EDWIN.

THE character of no individual, since investigation became necessary, has been more universally misunderstood than the disposition of EDWIN—The freedom with which every inconsiderable person descants upon the real or supposed inclination of a public man does not form one of the most diminutive evils of his being—their eminence only renders them the more vulnerable, for the higher they advance upon the acclivity of renown, the more outrageously and forcible do the tempests of prejudice assail them in the envied effort;

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in

in short, to be socially great is to be supremely miserable, and the best security against the agency of ills (independent of our own moral qualities) is to be noiseless and insignificant.

I have been sometimes inclined to imagine, that the love of fame is an irremediable passion, interwoven in our system to act in defiance of the judgment—For under no other impression of thought, can the pains and penalties annexed to the pursuit be reconciled to the fitness of things—Nor can I believe that any, for the whistling of a name, would willingly be subjected to the undefinable sorrows*, which peculiarly annoy a person thus unprofitably directed.

* When THEOPHILUS CIBBER made his dramatic essay, the newspapers of the day reviled him for his improprieties---THEOPHILUS ran immediately to his father, Mr. COLLEY CIBBER, and with tears in his eyes, exhibited the paragraph--“Be pacified, you idiot,” said COLLEY, angrily, “if you wish to be noticed, you must be scandalized, and d’ye hear, when your enemies cease to abuse you in the public prints, do you abuse yourself.”---

Mr.

EDWIN did not receive the advantage of a classic education—This want of necessary acquirement made him conscious of his own insufficiency as an orator, and tended to establish those habits of taciturnity, which he constantly assumed in all companies, when the associates were not very intimate with his propensities, and congenial to his humour.

Those who are unacquainted with the intellectual contradictions of humanity, will perhaps marvel, that a man who was so highly gifted as a Theatric performer, and whose capacity in the delineation of cha-

Mr. BOSWELL, who I am informed is a very good sort of being, seems deeply afflicted with the marvellous desire of being notorious---all his ambition seems to center in that point---if he sings a silly ballad at a feast, or pares his nails in his chamber, he imagines it expedient that the world should be acquainted, the *Laird of Auchinleck* did thus---Pleased to be derided, and happy to be despised---poor gentleman, if this is not lunacy, it is something very like it !

Some men are mad, who do not bite or rave,
What should we wish them ? judgment or a grave.

B 2

rafter

rafter was so indubitably perfect, should not have been more companionable and more jocund—But we have seen a prime-minister, who could marshal a senate with honor, that could not address a lady with felicity, and an experienced and brave admiral who could navigate a fleet adroitly, yet wanted spirit to govern his own household !

EDWIN was literally a man of method---he arranged all he meant to perform in his mind, before he gave execution to any particular intention---He knew that the best way to do much well, was to do every thing in rotation---this idea of progressive rectitude, he borrowed from the declarations of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

When MENANDER (says an antient writer) had planned the scenes of his Comedy, he held it to be in a manner already made, though he had not written the first verse of it.

He frequently attempted to utter a *jeu d'esprit*, but the matter was seldom worth a record

record---though his imagination was not brilliant, it was not distinguishable for its paucity---He thought singularly, but could not collect a sufficient portion of language instantaneously to give the idea birth---

His memory was tenacious, and his particularities of that kind, which bring more credit than profit to the possessor--- In some of his actions he was puerile to an extreme, which I always thought indicative of innate goodness---when the interested customs of the adult cannot destroy the innoxious playfulness of the boy, I am convinced that there is much latent worth, which can only be entirely discoverable by the collision of events.

About five years since he went to the elder COLMAN, and demanded an increase of salary---Mr. COLMAN informed him, that the state of his dramatic establishment would not justify him in making any addition to his expences, at the same time observing, that Mr. EDWIN's importance was of that magnitude, which prevented him from re-

fusing the request—EDWIN was vanquished by the remark, and performed on the usual terms! if this was not an act of generosity and nobleness, I do not know what is.—

To prove that every sublunar advantage has its attendant infelicity, I will presume to aver, that EDWIN's progress through life as a man, would have been more consistent and amiable, had the acclaim of the public towards him been more limited—His self-sufficiency was too mighty for his discretion, and he conceived that he was more necessary to the entertainment of a nation than any individual should; though it must be admitted, that he was almost as eminently gifted, and as much approved as any one could whose pursuits were similarly directed.

Was my opinion required, whether theatrical personages are, or are not, responsible to the audience for their private mal-factions, I should certainly answer, no—But though the right of investigation must be denied, yet there is a proper something involved in the public interference in such events,

events, as is not repugnant to the common ideas of justice, though it is hostile to the immediate letter of relative concerns—It appears to originate in a desire to effect a great right by doing a little wrong, and upon that basis it is admissible, though not legally just.

Though my regard for the departed subject of this biographic essay was very great, I will not issue an argument to whiten errors which should preclude defence--Posthumous dishonor too seldom is efficient in its duties—The vanity of man is not confined within the limits of this little world—it travels with his imagination, and even solicits the applause of fame with more energy beyond the grave, than it does comfort while the pulses of the heart are warm—The antient, but absurd axiom, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is replete with serious mischief to our general well-being, for if any consideration can be a stimulative to moral rectitude, it must be the apprehension of immortal shame, which will prove more effectual and potent than any other impulse co-existent with our thinking faculties, or accommod-

dating to the suggestions of our pride—EDWIN was one of those unprofitably disposed men, who bear their faults upon the forehead—And though in the curvettings of his existence, he may have been known sometimes to violate the chastity of social worth ; we should not bedim the complexion of his memory by the black influence of uncharitableness—especially when we look around, and gathering the consequences of mortal turpitude, see how few descend to the dust

Sans peur, et sans reproche.

DRESS.

In the very important article of *dress*, EDWIN was particular in the extreme—He sought every possible method to make the habit appropriate to the scenic personage—he has often declared to me, that he thought a judicious presentation of the figure to the public eye, was almost as indispensable as the first blow in a battle—it begets a tacit approbation of the performer, before his rhetoric ability is brought to the ordeal, and somewhat like a handsome countenance,
awakens

awakens prejudices favourable to the fortunes of the possessor, though irrelative to properties more essential.*

His *wiggery* cost him more than a hundred pounds, and he could boast of having perukes in his collection, which had decorated the heads of monarchs, judges, aldermen, philosophers, sailors, jockies, beaux, thieves, taylor, tinkers and haberdashers—That laudable jealousy, which ever cleaves about the perception of a man

* The efficacy of dress in every class of society has been universally admitted—The following anecdote, which is true, will prove how even the passions may be subjugated by apt attentions to the exterior, and produce agreeably to the wish, either delight or disgust—GARRICK in the early part of his life, performed RANGER with most uncommon spirit, and so well *dressed*, and *looked* the part, that a young lady of great family, fortune, and high expectation, fell violently in love with him. Her friends finding it in vain to reason with her, and dreading her forming a matrimonial connection with a player, took her to see him enact SCRUB—The very contemptible appearance he made in that part, wrought a perfect cure—GARRICK, when a wooer, was himself so conscious of the pitiful figure he made in that character, that he gave directions to his box-keeper, that if any of LORD BURLINGTON's servants applied for places, he should say—they were all taken!

of high reputation, operated to make him outdo if possible all competition in the requisites of personal embellishment—he had experienced their force, and was unwilling to be considered as professionally deficient in any department cognizable by taste or truth.

He knew that choice of attire elevates or abases the human character, and even the respectability of magistracy is not unfrequently dependent upon external ornament—I have annexed an example.



Dress

Dress should be properly adapted to the person, as in writing, the style must correspond with the subject—In this leading point of stage propriety, EDWIN was uncommonly exact—He looked minutely into nature before he chose his habiliments, and I am confident that he was indebted for a material part of his extraordinary success to his practical wisdom in that measure—Good sense is as apparent in the choice of attire as in the deportment—It is disgusting to see the ostentatious drapery of MISS FARREN on all occasions—That lady seems to conceive it indispensable, that every pretty woman should be in all situations brilliantly beplumed like a bird of paradise; whereas beautiful nature may be debased, but cannot be improved by art: and as I look upon a very handsome woman to be the finest subject in nature, her dress ought to be modest, dignified, and entirely free from those tinsel luxuriances, which vulgarity adopts, when the unexpected bounties of fortune debilitate the springs of the mind—

Mrs.

* Mrs. CRAWFORD was shamefully deficient on this head, and sometimes rushed before an enlightened people with an insolent negligence, for which her great merits could scarcely compensate—Even that charming little actress Mrs. JORDAN is not sufficiently attentive to her person—We have had no lady on the stage for many years, except Mrs. ABINGTON, whose elegant taste in the disposal of her personal ornaments, has been potent enough to make the great world sedulous to imitate her graces.

As the ladies, dramatic or otherwise, have not a more zealous adherent than myself, I hope they will not look unkindly, if I presume to offer them some general rules upon the important article of dress, and if I write like a poet, they must reflect upon my prejudices and pardon the error.

* When the second part of my poem of the CHILDREN of THESPIS was shewn to Mrs. CRAWFORD in Dublin, she expressed, I am credibly informed, more regret that I should not have allowed her to possess taste in the article of dress, than in the more material disquisition of her conduct as a woman!

SYMBOLICAL COLOURS.

Blue signifies Constancy.

Yellow ——— Jealousy.

Green ——— being forsaken.

Pink ——— Innocence.

White ——— Modesty.

Black ——— Sorrow.

and

Red ——— Defiance.

To those of the first rank in birth and beauty, I recommend a noble simplicity of habit; the subject supports itself, and needs not the aid of extravagant decoration; their dress should be the true *Virgilian epic*, no abundant gaudiness, or little conceits should depreciate what is in itself unaffectedly grand—

For those *pretty women*, whose charms are rather the result of something *piquant* and alluring, than personal symmetry, and who may require a variety of images to render that bewitching, which cannot be sublime; I will admit the adoption of all

the flights and fanciful exuberances of the *sonnet* and the *madrigal*.

There are a third sort, who, with a neutrality of visage, are neither handsome nor hideous, and whose hope of conquest consists in smart evolutions—A flirt of the fan, and such little feminine manœuvres—for this description of ladies I would provide something *epigrammatic*---neat, poignant and resistless.

I would have these privileges limited to a certain number of years, beyond which no woman can be any of the three---When they are arrived to the latitude of *forty*, the propitious gales are over, then they should toil to gain the first haven of safety---take down the top-gallants of their vanity, and repose calmly at a secure anchorage.

Ugly women, who may with propriety be denominated a *third sex*, should renounce all allegiance to any other sovereign than
decency

decency---their attire must not rise above *plain, humble prose*; any attempt beyond that, would be considered as the *mock-heroic*, and create ridicule---they should labour to become honest fellows---follow the chace, and be demi-votaries of Bacchus.

To the sexagenaries and septuagenaries, I advise a rigorous attention to extreme cleanliness, and if on a gala they should wish to appear somewhat finer than usual, the habit must be confined to the *Elegy*, and the *tristibus*.

These general rules are equally applicable to the other sex, but with greater restrictions, as such venial irregularities are less pardonable in the *men than in the ladies*.

EXPRESSION.

The absurd idea so generally and industriously circulated, that EDWIN was a scenic buffoon, scarcely deserves the honor of being seriously resisted---it originated in

envy, and has been supported by malignity---I will affirm in the teeth of the critical world, that his gesticulation was always consonant to the character he assumed, and when it appeared extravagant or violent to the vision of the vulgar ; like the writhings of *Laocoon*, it was an event justified by correspondent circumstances.

EDWIN was one of those singularly endowed beings, whose exertions could not be measured by the scale of a mathematician, or the compasses of rigidity---his mind, like the sun, added beauties to the object on which its operations were directed; and where he was denied the opportunity of creating, he invariably illumed.---

Those superb emotions which play about the soul, and issue from the proud consciousness of possessing qualifications superior to the common orders of humanity, are not unfrequently dangerous to the possessor---unless the tumultuous fervor is qualified

is qualified by the lenitives of philosophy--- The animal then is not unlike a bark, where the canvass is too potent for the helm, and drives the vessel where the element is unpropitious---this observation is not wholly unapposite to EDWIN---A lofty sense of professional dignity absorbed the milder influence of social rectitude, and his vanity usurped the dominion of his understanding---*Genius*, said an elegant nobleman, is allied to a warm and inflammable constitution, delicacy of taste to calmness. Hence it is common to find genius in one who is a prey to every passion: but seldom delicacy of taste---upon a man possessed of that blessing, the moral duties, no less than the fine arts, make a deep impression and counterbalance the irregularities of desire.

I was present at the Hay-market Theatre, in the summer of 1788, when EDWIN performed the part of PEEPING TOM in such a masterly style, as in all probability will never be seen again—His gesticulation in the scene relative to the procession of *Lady Godiver*, was most wonderful—he was mere-

tricious without crimsoning the cheek of modesty—The varied workings of his imagination from the first engendering of his curiosity to the voluptuous burst of *talk of a coronation* was an instance of a conception as perfect, and of execution as fitly managed as GARRICK himself could exhibit, in the zenith of his fame, when his powers triumphed over all competition—yet notwithstanding that blaze of excellence, that union of art and effect, a gentleman who sat near me, had the temerity to insinuate that the vast applause, which accompanied EDWIN in this scene, was not due from a discerning public to a ludicrous buffoon—I observed with some degree of acrimony, that I thought his infidelity, went even beyond that of the antient sophister who denied motion, and that *he* would *not* be convinced of his error though I walked in his presence.

His Sir HUGH EVANS in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—FRANCIS in the *Second part of Henry the Fourth*—BULLOCK in the *Recruiting Officer*—JACOB in the *Chapter of Accidents*.

Accidents—GREGORY GUBBINS in the *Battle of Hexham*—LINGO in the *Agreeable Surprise*, and LAZARILLO in the *Barber of Seville*, were master pieces of the Art—in the latter part of his engagement at Bath, he played Sir PETER TEAZLE in the *School for Scandal** so well that it was generally thought by the *Literati* and critics, that he even surpassed Mr. KING, the original performer!

Why

* THOUGHTS ON the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

“ If the comedies of CONGREVE, did not rack him with remorse in his last moments,” says a noble critic, “ he must have been lost to all sense of virtue,” now I will take the liberty of adding, that if Mr. SHERIDAN never felt compunction, if not sorrow, for producing the Comedy of the *School for Scandal*, he has been more embrazened by habit than any man should be, who wishes to exist in the universe obedient to the behest of the decalogue, and a promoter of the beautiful purposes of society.

When a young man of fashion is emancipated from the severities of the school, or a beardless artisan, from the obligations of his indenture, they equally scud to the Theatre as the emporium of pleasure, and the mirror of social manners—their minds are then ductile, and their conceptions ruinously ardent—knowing not precisely what is right or wrong, they have not the ability to judge for themselves, but believe that deed to be most excellent, which evidently receives the most applause.

Why we are, or are not pleased, has not been properly ascertained—In many instances,

As these premises are unquestionably true, it is the incumbent duty of such capacious minded men, as Mr. SHERIDAN to depict the progress of human nature with delicate caution, and endeavour to cheat a young generation into an idea, that men are better than they really are, instead of throwing the fascinations of wit and pleasantry about actions, which should only be represented to excite abhorrence, and establish our antipathies to guilt.

In this diminutive anatomy of the Comedy in question, I have no desire to be fastidious—The force of example is so apparent, that this stricture requires no apology—the amiableness and seeming gallantry of MACHEATH, has brought many to the gallows, and I have no doubt but the gay captivations of CHARLES has brought many to the Gazette—though observation has taught me to consider a *young saint* as a suspicious character, I believe a confirmed profligate to be more dangerous—The first generally becomes an object of contempt, but the unprofitable issue is only attached to himself—The consequences of profligacy are more serious, with the callow part of the species, to appear a rake, is to appear seductive, and the end of improper seduction is irremediable ruin.

I have my expectations that we shall be answerable in futurity for our temporal errors, not according to their letter, but their spirit, and that the peccadillo of a peasant shall be forgiven, when the slightest inroad upon worth in a
sage

stances, our bliss seems independant of our own agency—More felicity is derived from the

sage shall not—If I am not a false prophet, Mr. SHERIDAN and his associates may dread a reprimand more awful than WARREN HASTINGS from the *puppet show* of legislation!

To strengthen the bulwarks, which Custom has raised againk the introduction of Debauchery, should be the labour of every wise and good man; but to diminish or remove these barriers is the toil of an enemy to our well being—

Though this Comedy certainly possesses a great portion of merit, consistency and probability are not preserved in the construction of the Plot; it cannot be supposed that any man in the full enjoyment of his senses, would look with so unscrutinizing an eye upon the enormities of CHARLES, as SIR OLIVER is made to do in the play: If we may judge by the effect of common events, SIR OLIVER ought to be portrayed as expressing the highest resentment against his nephew for his atrocious abuse of time and fortune, and the more particularly as he is previously taught by Sir PETER TEAZLE, to consider him as the first of human profligates, and his personal discovery of his excesses afterwards in company with MOSES more than equal the unfavourable representations of his guardian, yet all these circumstances that would naturally create disgust in the bosom of a prudent man, are supposed to be obliterated by the immaterial circumstance of not disposing of his uncle's portrait—SIR OLIVER must be exceedingly biased by self love, to permit such a trifling sacrifice to his vanity, to outweigh an aggregate of vices;

the force of habit than nature—our education remodulates the tones of our organs—the

I should not have made such a remark in this part of the essay, if it was not for the purpose of proving that every time the *SCHOOL for SCANDAL* is performed, many unthinking blockheads have their scandalous pursuits justified in their own opinion, by the happy consequences that attend the immorality of *CHARLES*; and ridiculously imagine that their relations will copy the example of *SIR OLIVER*, in permitting the ill-directed effusions of generosity, to counterbalance the want of every other social virtue, that should dignify the human heart—there is another incident likewise of a very destructive nature, to the happiness of both sexes; *MARIA* is introduced in the piece as having a strong predilection in favor of *CHARLES*, in direct opposition to the advice and recommendation of her Guardian, whom she believes ought to govern her with the delegated right of a parent; and this rebellion against *SIR PETER*'s wishes, arises totally from her contemplation of *CHARLES*'s unwarrantable practices, and whom we are led to believe she regards most affectionately in consequence of that contemplation—To bring a young Lady upon the Stage of elegant manners, and supposed probity of mind, in order to prove that she can be only captivated with licentiousness, is giving a public instance of female depravity, which I hope for the honor of the sex does not exist in nature, but especially uncorrupted nature, as in this state we must believe *MARIA* to be—one of the first causes of female prostitution, is that horrid idea, which is universally prevalent among men, that the beautiful part of our species, look with a favorable

the perfumes of vegetation convey delight,
and delight is the offspring of thought, yet

small

we

able eye upon men of unlimited gallantry ; it is the nourishing of such an idea, that impels many a coxcomb to make his ruinous addresses to a lady in the first instance, who would not have dared to tread upon the precincts of her chastity, if he had not been encouraged to the infamous trial by attractive examples, similar in their vicious points to CHARLES SURFACE.

I recollect being at the performance of this Comedy, on the very evening when I first read the King's proclamation against the progress of immorality, and was not a little surprised that the Legislature should tolerate an exhibition so destructive of the material principles of that official mandate; but that astonishment was partly *done away*, when I recollected that the author was himself a LEGISLATOR ! remarkable for his *exemplary* life, and a vehement corrector of the manners of some of our best chief Governors in India !

The broad attack upon matrimony is equally reprehensible ; on this particular point, the author seems to have exhausted all his stock of irony and ridicule, and every character in the piece, comes forward high primed and pregnant with some bitter and unprofitable remark to undermine the glory of the nuptial union—SIR PETER as speaking from experience, represents his uneasiness as torments not to be endured, and SIR OLIVER hears his complaints without amazement, from an idea that such complaints are inseparable from the state—LADY TEAZLE strengthens the abhorrence of the male part of

we cannot conceive the flavor of a rose to exist in the mind!

There

the audience to the hymeneal influence, by the following immediate and gross declaration, which she delivers to her husband on her first entrance—at the beginning of the second act.

“ Very well, Sir PETER, you may bear it or not, just as you please ; but I know that I ought to have my own way in every thing, and what’s more, I will.”

Was this expression put into the mouth of a singular or eccentric personage, the author might plead in extenuation of this outrage to the general good, that the sentiment was only peculiar to a particular character ; but this is by no means the case, as the language of every person in the piece is of the same repulsive complexion—I felt myself more zealous to expose these serious offences to virtue in the comedy under discussion, from a thorough and well grounded knowledge, that the stage, under proper management, might be converted into the best possible school of morality ; and who can wonder that so noble an institution has so many formidable opponents among the most discerning of mankind, when its examples are so base, and its licentiousness so unrestricted !—

Though it is very necessary, that the governors of our metropolitan theatres, (and blessed governors they are, heaven knows !) should attend to the fluctuations of public taste, in order to amuse their patrons, and make the under taking advantageous to themselves, yet there is one point, which

There are theatric performers in existence, and some among them above mediocrity,

which policy should direct them ever to have in view, I mean a due regard for the interests of morality, for however the inconstant dispositions of society may vary to other pursuits, I hope, and trust there is but one opinion relative to the necessity of prolonging the existence of virtue as much as possible, at least the great and good will always war on her side, and the wishes of the great and good *should be* fulfilled—

To all the comic writers of the age, I beg leave to recommend HOGARTH as an example, and although he was a painter, such a recommendation is warranted by experience; When HOGARTH delineated the absurdities of social life, the palpable intention upon the face of his performance, was, a zealous desire to laugh vice and folly out of countenance: hence the praises of observation that accompany his name; for while one half of the world are laughing at the satiric donations of his pencil, the other are subliming his memory by the application of the words, MORALIST and REFORMER of HUMAN MANNERS—

At the commencement of the fourth act of the SCHOOL for SCANDAL, Mr. SHERIDAN has made his favourite hero deliver a sentiment, for which no doubt, all the commercial parts of the kingdom are much indebted to him, the declaration is fashioned as follows:

CARELESS

ocrity, who think EDWIN's bold and original manner of colouring upon some occasions,

CARELESS is represented as giving advice to his bosom friend CHARLES, after the latter has received the timely supply of money from his uncle in a feigned character—

CARELESS—"Hark'ye CHARLES, don't let that fellow (meaning honest ROWLEY) make you part with any of that money to discharge musty old debts. *Tradesmen*, you know, are the most *impertinent* people in the world."

To which philanthropic piece of advice the ductile and all-embazoned CHARLES makes the following reply.

CHARLES—"True, CARELESS, and paying them you know, would only be *encouraging them*."

This is a blow at *common honesty* with a vengeance!

In a succeeding scene of the same act, the following colloquy ensues between CHARLES and his humble monitor ROWLEY.

CHARLES—"But come, I have no time for *trifling*—Here take this bill and get it changed, and carry a hundred pounds to poor Stanley, or we shall have somebody call that has a better right to it."

ROWLEY—"Ah Sir, I wish you would remember, the proverb—"

CHARLES—

sions was capitally improper and fatal to truth—In this description of persons, I may
justly

CHARLES—“*Be just before you are generous*—Why so I would if I could: but justice is an old, damned, hobbling beldam, and I can’t get her to keep pace with generosity for the soul of me—”

Who can marvel at the numerous instances of bankruptcy, which constantly felly the face of the Gazette, when such fascinating enticements to profligacy are held out upon the stage, which has been long considered as “the abstract and brief chronicle of the times”—Thus is the all-accomplished, though contaminated CHARLES, exhibited at the theatre, to encourage every fashionable frisky-whisky semblance of a man, to forego the antient principle of honesty and sobriety, and led even to imagine the offence meritorious, by the eventual success of the scenic example—

If this solicitude on my part for the establishment of social probity, should appear as futile, I would beg permission to ask this simple question, why does every well-minded and reflecting parent, and every circumspective master, enjoin the youth to whom they are attached by love or duty, to see the Tragedy of GEORGE BARNWELL? The question is self-answered, it is with an earnest desire that they may profit by the influence of *example*—It is that they may be taught to believe, that the end of a dishonorable course of life is a shameful death---That whoever violates the hallowed injunctions of the commandments will not be suffered by the unerring hand of God to violate them with
im-

justly introduce Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, who
appears to me, to value himself too much
on

impunity—And that immortal bard whose works illustrate
our stage and illuminate our nation, has expressly de-
clared,

————— I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul, that presently,
They have proclaimed their malefactions.”

This quotation will entirely overthrow the following
remark made by the noble Critic, alluded to in the begin-
ning of this work--- “that language is the most compre-
hensive vehicle for communicating emotions.” On this
theme I differ from his lordship entirely, and am con-
vinced that dramatic action, is infinitely more powerfull,
and has so complete an ascendancy over the human ima-
gination, that we frequently lose sight of the well wrought
fiction altogether, and warmly participate in the good
or ill transactions of the scene, even to a degree of mad-
ening enthusiasm---admitting this, how highly instrumen-
tal might dramatic representations be made to prune the
excrescences of national vice, and uphold the ministry
of virtue, and in proportion as the means of doing good may
be embraced by our dramatist, is Mr. SHERIDAN culpable,
in not seizing so enviable an opportunity—

on doing *littlenesses* well—In ransacking heaven and earth, to find out what he calls *new readings*

If we may judge of causes by effect, these are the glorious days of libertinism, when sorrow for the commission of sins is expunged from the heart, and men may be infamously unawed by the terrors of responsibility; what other idea can we possibly entertain, when [such reiterated applause is constantly bestowed upon the scenic irregularities of CHARLES SURFACE; the necessity of amendment in a young man of loose conduct, is totally abrogated by the following nervous, and comforting sentiment from SIR OLIVER !

“ Odds my life, SIR PETER, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round the saplin, and spoils the growth of the tree.”

“ Bravo old Noll—Epicurus could not have said more in so few words—Yet this SIR OLIVER, who is so outrageously vindictive to poor Prudence, we understand from the dialogue of the Comedy, to be one of the best men in the World, nay he even presumes to hint as much himself, when he mentions his deceased brother to ROWLEY.”

“ When I was at his years Master ROWLEY (speaking of Charles) egad, neither my brother nor I were very prudent youths, and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.”

Thus

readings, to enable him to prosecute his
abstruse ambition—to such men the godlike
properties

Thus may the rising generation meet the age of man-
hood unshackled by any of those *ridiculous prejudices*
which were wont to cleave to the bosoms of our fore-
fathers ; and the callow offspring of our nobility shall be
accompanied even to the very threshold of the senate ; by
voluptuousness, riot and dissipation-----

Yet with great deference to SIR OLIVER's opinion, or
rather to Mr. SHERIDAN's eccentricities of mind, I cannot
avoid thinking, that *prudence* is a lady of some estimation,
and although her society may be infectious, I doubt much
if that infection is unprofitable---I verily believe that the
majority of the author's *friends*, never had an excessive
penchant for the scandalized nymph, still even that weight
of respectable authority cannot induce me to think, she is
such a shocking wench, as Mr. SHERIDAN would
make us believe-----

Every public writer or orator, who endeavours to sepa-
rate criminality from contrition, however witty or ex-
cellent in its kind the exertion may be, is an enemy to
human felicity, and a deceiver to his God, inasmuch as he
exercises his pre-agency, and mental endowments for the
suppression of that cause, he was designed to maintain-----

Were the immoralities of CHARLES counteracted by
accompanying apologies, I should not be such a foe to his

properties of combining events and making
a whole beautiful are denied—such only
look

local glory—Like the irregularities of a certain *illustrious young gentleman* which create both pain and pleasure—Pain, that he should be in any sense erroneous, and pleasure, on beholding in the midst of his juvenile excesses, luminous traits of greatness and goodness, beautifully prefacing a life of honor!--To be good, and to seem so, are distinct qualifications---The first, is the result of innate worth---the other, the first agent of perdition.

In the interview between LADY TEAZLE and JOSEPH SURFACE in his library, this wholesome conversation takes place, upon the Lady's declaring; that Sir PETER's jealous disposition is almost sufficient to justify her in an act of connubial infidelity,

JOSEPH—"Certainly my Lady, for when a husband grows suspicious, and withdraws his confidence from his wife, it then becomes part of her duty, to endeavour to outwit him; you owe it to the natural privilege of your sex."

LADY TEAZLE---"Indeed!"

JOSEPH---"Oh yes; for your husband should never be deceived in you, and you ought to be frail in compliment to his discernment."

For

look great when annexed to diminutive objects, like an ordinary ship among Indian canoes—

before

For the influence of this scene, and the convenient doctrine it contains to furnish married ladies with an apology to themselves, as well as their husbands, for a breach of that *filly obligation* called a marriage vow, no doubt the tenants of Doctors Commons are indebted to Mr. SHERIDAN, the poaching of gallantry upon the forbidden manors of matrimony would in all probability cease, and wedded females become chaste and ridiculous, if it was not for such occasional covers of excuse being exhibited, for the game to retire in, when hard pressed by the rude tongue of authority.

In this act, there is an egregious and unpardonable solecism in action—Mr. SHERIDAN, has made JOSEPH declare to Sir PETER, that his principal reason for affixing the screen in that position was, to prevent a curious lady, who lived opposite, from being acquainted with the persons of his visitors---Yet five minutes before, he *bides* LADY TEAZLE behind it, though the closet, in which he pushes Sir PETER was then unoccupied! by this manoeuvre the lady must be evidently exposed.

After a succession of trifling incidents, the piece concludes with the union of CHARLES and MARIA; ---In a previous scene JOSEPH is compelled to retire with shame, which is engendered from a variety of incongruous and unnatural circumstances, strangely huddled together, for the mere purpose of rendering JOSEPH

an

The meanest sculptor in th' Æmilian square;
 Can imitate in brass the nalis, and hair :
 Expert in trifles, and a cunning fool,
 Able t' express the parts, but not dispose the whole.

Before his mortality was abridged, his characters were partially distributed—At Covent Garden theatre, BERNARD and BLANCHARD, took the lead as his substitutes until the arrival of WILSON from Edinburgh—Since that period Mr. MUN- DEN was engaged, from the Newcastle theatre, for the avowed purpose of being his principal successor, how far he has succeeded, Charity forbids me to notice—As we

an object of detestation to the audience, though most assuredly, when the merits and demerits of the two brothers are duly considered, it must appear to every one, that notwithstanding CHARLES is so highly favoured by the author of the comedy, as to make every member in it pre-disposed to look with an eye of charity, if not satisfaction upon his enormities, yet JOSEPH is the less dangerous precedent for society ; for though it must be acknowledged, that he is a villain of the first order, he has the grace to throw a veil of decency over the deformity of his pursuits, and surely such an example, must be less pernicious, than him who openly triumphs, even when engulfed in the vortex of dishonor.

VOL. II.

D

live

live in an epoch of rare modesty, when such individuals as MUNDEN can rush forward as the representative of an EDWIN, I shall not be highly amazed to behold SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN in the seat of legislation, or EVAN NEPEAN in Saint Stephen's chapel!—

The Denizens of Rome were not more justifiable in their labours to preserve their palladium, than the Manager of the Hay-market theatre to retain EDWIN's ability—his presence there, like the red cross to the Crusaders, invigorated the general body—Success was subordinate to his movements, and Laughter, journied in his train, like a liege subject to the scenic monarch of the passions!—The horrors of the desolation occasioned by his death, have been in some measure suspended there by the promising plays of the *younger* BANNISTER, whose merits are hourly expanding by the kind beam of popular encouragement, as the tulip unfolds its latent beauties to the solar ray!

Destined

Destined as we are, to combat the vicissitudes incidental to a frail being, when our knowledge of the *cause* of infelicity becomes strong in proportion as our powers to resist the *effect* diminishes; we cannot but lament, when the dispensations of fate snatches an instrument from our vision, whose appearance begot gladness, and whose exertions arrested sorrow.—The gift of laughter, peculiar to humanity, was interwoven in our organization, to operate as a timely antidote to the pressure of those cares, which would be otherwise intolerant—Man is a *risible animal*, who if matured in a desert among beasts would *laugh* although he could not speak—When some unpremeditated assemblage of ideas rush from the fancy upon the understanding—it agitates the more refined nerves—quickens the tide of the pulses—communicates an unusual impulse to the breath, and produces that agreeably diversified convulsion, called laughter!

One of EDWIN's best dramatic *morceaux*, was *Bowkitt in the Son in Law*—Yet when that part was first sent him, he could not

comprehend the author's intention, and wished to relinquish it altogether!—but no man is a proper judge of the extent of his own capability, and an actor less than any. He often beholds the object, through a false medium, and wanders with his choice where the judgment is affrighted!

ATTITUDE.

In the selection of his attitudes, EDWIN used more discrimination than the world would readily imagine—Before he represented a novel part on the stage, he practised before a glass, and made choice of that position, which he supposed had most captivation—I presented him with Mr. BUNBURY's excellent *caricature* of the *long minuet*, and he was so pleased with the ludicrous variations of adopted grace in the different characters, that he pinned it in his study, and frequently marshalled his scenic demeanour from the graphic example—

The proper adjustment of attitude, should be considered as one of the primary studies

dies of a dramatic performer—its application being more instantaneous than sentiment, it naturally creates a prejudice in the mind, before the judgment can listen to the tenor of the colloquy—that air of frivolity which characterises a frenchman, would be injurious if annexed to a Hollander ; and the habits of repose in a Spaniard or Neapolitan, would be irreconcilable to the couchant manners of the Turk.

HOGARTH's analysis of beauty, is not a contemptible school of grace, though not precisely of truth—Nothing can be beautiful in nature which is not curved, and a perpendicular appears monstrous, in any other assumption than the habits of a Quaker !—

Of all the actors I have seen in different countries, the Actors of Britain seem to possess the least knowledge, of what may be produced by the regulation of the arms—To move the arms gracefully, should not be the last or least part of a gentleman's education, and I the more insist upon this,

as awkwardness has more influence upon those members than any other—I do not know that the french rules for social motion were ever engraved, but if they have been, I am certain that to copy them, would be highly conducive to the improvement of our stage personages—

Those gentlemen, who have assumed EDWIN's favourite theatric characters, have appeared to me, like so many imperfect students in the *vatican*, copying the tablets of the divine *Rafaelle*—They present an incomplete, something which has in a faint degree, a semblance of the fine original, and may be satisfactory to vulgar observation—But all the latent graces—the sublime spirit, and the delicacy of *contour*—the critical eye searches after in vain—The beams of glory which irradiated the form are no more, and we are only enabled to contemplate the gross body, without the accustomed refulgence!—But luckily for human presumption, this is an age,

which

which blifsfully receives dros for bullion, and extravagance for truth ! *

Music,†

The State of Music in this Country appears to me, notwithstanding the amazing patronage extended to its numerous Pro-

Like the *Reverend* Mr. P——, who has discovered an art, of which the old masters of the Grecian, Italian and Flemish schools were entirely ignorant; that is, making historical paintings inestimable, independant of the knowledge of myology or osteology! - This singular ecclesiastic became first noticeable, by painting young virgins in bed half naked, to adorn the chapels of Lord G—, to give the worthy peer, some idea of truth in the moments of adoration—Within these few years, the imagination of the artist has been reilluminated—he has acquired the marvellous powers of dealing in immortality. Vends on *apoteosis* for ten guineas a head, and places the whole family of a scoundrel, in the empyrean, with as much facility, as the *third* GEORGE creates a city Knight—though to speak plainly, he has not a proper conception of the beatified—his angels seem copied from the accommodating nymphs of Kings Place, and his cherubs, from the lewd infants of Hedge Lane.

† I am indebted for this critique, on EDWIN's mystical powers, to one of the first professional Characters in this country.

cessors, in no very striking degree of honour.

THE BRITISH NATION, like the FRENCH, has no decided Musical Character—The noble harmonies of the old Masters are neglected and forgotten, and an unmeaning melody, with neither originality nor expression, runs through us like a flame, from the higher ranks to the lowest.

Dr. BURNEY, I think, remarks, that in Italy, the common people are accustomed to sing in parts, and their whole Souls are sent forth in the delightful unisons of scientific composition—Here, any senseless vulgarity about a *Waterman*, or a *Jack Tar*, a *Cherokee* or a *Cherub*, sets us all a madding.

EDWIN had a high tenor voice, somewhat bordering on the contre-tenor.

His ear was perfectly just, insomuch, that I never heard him sing out of tune.

The tone of his voice, though very powerful, was melodious and pleasant, of which
he

he had so much command, that he was distinctly heard, and particularly once, when the orchestra played with their *full force*, which he often requested, perhaps in order to shew the strength of his lungs.

His articulation of words in quick passages, was almost beyond conception—he would frequently, when a song was encored, repeat it so fast (and yet perfect), that the band could with difficulty keep pace with him.—

He performed tolerably well on the violin, and the harpsicord, and his knowledge of musick was of so much use to him, that it placed him far above his predecessors in the burletta style of singing!

He would often play tricks with the orchestra, sometimes beginning much faster than he ought, at other times leaving them to themselves for whole bars together; but this wantonness never distressed the band, they knew they could depend on him in any emergency, and trusting to his knowledge,

ledge, were sure that he would finally recover himself, and get home safe at the conclusion !

I thought him at first, whimsical and capricious—but when I knew him better, I generally found him right in his ideas—the hints and pauses, that he often suggested to the composer, were often well founded, and generally proved his possessing much good sense.

He hardly ever rehearsed his songs till he was perfect, and then he tried them in various ways, till he had hit upon the effect he laboured to produce,

He was, on the whole, the best burletta singer I ever heard !*

READING

* The effect of musick on the senses was oddly and wonderfully verified, during the late mourning for the DUKE of CUMBERLAND: A taylor, had a great number of black suits, which were to be finished in a very short space of time—among his workmen, there was a fellow who was always singing *Rule Britannia*, and the rest of the journeymen joined in the chorus—The taylor made his observations, and found that the slow time of the tune retarded

READING.

As to give advice unasked is next door to being impertinent—I never voluntarily interfered in the reduction of any of his material prejudices—Whoever continues the pursuit of wrong, eventually meets a monitor whose suggestions cannot be resisted; though to resist them were tantamount to preservation—the draughts that obstinacy administers cannot be salubrious—the taste is bitter, and the effect unwholesome!

EDWIN so powerfully administered to the hilarity of society, and proved a resource so certain, on all occasions, of suspending in the eve, the acquired sorrows of the morn, that the lamentations of his admirers will only cease with their recollection—Whoever contributes to the reduction of

retarded the work, in consequence, he engaged a blind fiddler, and placing him near the workshop, made him play constantly the lively tune of *Nancy Dawson*. The design had the proper effect—the taylor's elbows moved obedient to the melody, and the cloaths were sent home within the prescribed period.

human

human woe is assuredly entitled to our best rewards.*

The abasing influence of his education and progress, prevented his being a claimant for any character marked by magnanimity—the habits of dignity may be reduced occasionally to the scale of vulgarity, but the impressions of plebianism never can be effectually elevated to assimilate with true grandeur.

Those vivacious tricks of action, which have been stolen from his bright example by his successors, have not an equal effect

* The Reverend JOHN WESLEY is now in his eighty-ninth year, and I cannot, under the guidance of liberality, refuse him this public testimony of my respect for his goodness—He receives many thousands annually from his spiritual labours—but he distributes those thousands in a manner, which should make the forehead redden under every mitre in Christendom—he gives every shilling literally to the poor—He reclaims the atrocious, and upholds the feeble—I am not one of his theologic disciples, and if I retain my present ideas, never shall; yet the individual who labours to erect a temple to piety upon the ashes of social turpitude, deserves my support, though I may not altogether approve of his order of architecture.

upon

upon the multitude, as when sported by the original—LORD COKE has said wisely, *nullum elementum in suo proprio loco est grave.*

To be an imitator is to be little better than a diminutive thief, and to be a thief in any shape cannot be recommendatory.

Perhaps it is not generally understood, that he valued himself upon his reading; he had studied the art of vocal inflexion, more than the majority of his contemporaries—he knew the compass of his own voice, and was deeply acquainted with all its tones—

That we may have a clearer idea of the power of pathetic eloquence, says a great master of the subject, we should take a general view of the tones of the passions independent of articulate sounds. Here an unbounded field opens to our investigation. We find that nature, all-wise, all-bounteous nature, has given to every animal capable of producing sounds, a power of varying those sounds according to its feelings

ings and desires. For instance, how different is the voice of the household dog, when he fawns upon his master, and when he snarls at a stranger!—How sweetly melodious are the tones of the bird, when she warbles her sensations of tenderness! but no sooner does she find her nest plundered, and her young ones gone, than her notes are changed—they become plaintive, feeble and interrupted—on the lonely bough she mourns her loss; and

————— at every dying fall,
Takes up again her lamentable strain
of winding woe.

In short, we find that in every species of animals, the cries of hunger, pain, gladness, courage, fear and every other sensation, are all distinct from each other!

Had EDWIN survived his malady, it was his intention to have demanded twenty pounds per week from Mr. HARRIS, and if the request had not been fulfilled, he would have delivered a comic and serious lecture in the metropolis—He had made an engagement with me to write and compile
the

the matter, and entreated Mr. LEE LEWIS to join him in the scheme.

EDWIN conceived that he could recite a tale of woe, with as much address as a tale of merriment—He borrowed a great part of his manner, and emphatic beauty, from the late Mr. HENDERSON, who was also much indebted to Mr. IRELAND, a gentleman, who certainly reads better than any other individual I ever heard.

EDWIN frequently rehearsed the following little tale, which I translated and abridged from the French.

ROSA.

A SIMPLE FACT.

WHEN the foundation and progress of a story is interesting to the finest feelings of the human heart, there requires but little apology for introducing it to the public eye. The following tale is fraught with some of those melancholy events, in
the

the cause and consequences of which we are all, more or less, concerned.

What afflicts you, my good man, said I?—Alas, Sir! Have you seen my child?—The person who thus answered me, was a poor blind man, seated on the trunk of a hollow tree, at the foot of which issued a silver spring; his bald forehead, robbed of its honours by the iron hand of Time---his patched wallet, unconscious of the bounties of Ceres---the beachen staff on which he rested his debilitated arm---his body that seemed fainting under the pressure of extreme hunger---his sightless eyes, and tremulous voice; altogether struck me with a kind of reverential horror---I looked once more upon the object which had so riveted my amazement, and thought that Providence had deserted one of her weakest children---The limpid stream, that bubbled at his feet, murmured hoarsely in unison with the language of distress, as if sensible of his accumulated sorrow.

I got off my horse.—I pray you, inform me, my poor old man, have you no one to conduct you to a roof where plenty might gather joy, by wiping the tear of misery from your furrowed cheek?—No one, answered he, feebly raising his snow-white head;—he pronounced these last words in a tone, which made me think for a moment, that humanity had abandoned the world.—What! not one, my old friend?—Alas, Sir! my wife and eight children, all have deserted me. I am poor, old, and blind, yet I must forgive them; but my daughter, Oh, my daughter!—repeated he, with a deep sigh, that seemed to have escaped from the inmost recesses of his heart.—Are you speaking of a favourite child, my old man?—Ah! good Sir, she is more than a child; she is my friend! It was she whom, of all my children, I neglected when the rays of prosperity gladdened my younger days; and now, when I am fallen into the vale of years, and laden with horror, she is the only one who will administer comfort to my miseries!—When did she leave you?—Yesterday, Sir, for the first time.—

You have not surely been unhappy from your youth ! you could not have arrived at so advanced an age, if the visitations of sorrow had been continual.—The poor man sighed, and gave me his history in a few words.—I had laboured forty years to amass a few hundred crowns by the sweat of my brow, which I suddenly lost by the person becoming a bankrupt in whose hands I had entrusted my little capital ; the pressure of a misfortune, so serious and unexpected, was infinitely too powerful to be resisted by so weak a philosopher as me ; even the force of Christianity failed to alleviate the sting of woe. For these ten years past my being has been comfortless, (said the poor old man, pointing to the place where his eyes once were),—for these ten years I have been praying for my dissolution : many miserable wretches, who are doomed to wander through the darksome caverns of affliction, have hope at least to strengthen them upon their journey ; but my expectations of mortal bliss are over.—You must not lose sight of Hope, my good old man ; it is possible
you

you may yet be happy.—Happy! Ah, dear Sir, circumstanced as I am; even to expect such an event were presumption.—You are not certain, my poor friend, but assistance may be near you, in the moments of your complaining.—Assistance! I prithee, Sir, mock not my misfortunes; can the power of Kings give me a ray of light?—This answer struck me so forcibly, that I immediately turned towards the sun, and could not help uttering a silent prayer of gratitude to the Deity, that I was in possession of so invaluable a gift. He remained silent for a moment, resting his hands upon his staff, and bending his palsied head towards the earth, which seemed, in the melancholy state of my understanding at that period, to call him to her bosom; then, issuing a woe-fraught sigh; exclaimed,—Oh my daughter! my dear child! but for her goodness I should long since have ceased to exist: when I determine to suppress my being, and die by the slow ministry of Hunger—the poor child cries—embraces my nerveless knees—calls me her father—her dear, her honoured father—in a tone of

supplication so persuasive and so tender, that the influence of desperation yields to the entreaties of an angel; and yet she does not return! Ah, ROSA! wilt thou leave me here to perish, without the consolation of a last embrace, without the rapture of bestowing my final blessing on my child?—O, my God, dost thou then abandon me!

The awful manner in which he uttered these words, chilled the very pulses of my heart. I lifted my streaming eyes to Heaven, and murmured involuntarily, God of Nature, is it possible thou canst have abandoned him!—The poor man thanked me, and I retired, laden with anguish. I had wandered some distance from the miserable man, when I perceived his daughter—I ran to announce the discovery to her father—I would not have exchanged the commission, to have been sovereign of the world.—His greedy ear drank the intelligence with rapture, and the good old man was cheered once more with a moment of joy. His daughter arrived out of breath—She had been far away, begging charity for her unhappy father.

father—I looked at the amiable Rosa, with unutterable delight—I thought her countenance was more than human—She uttered the sentiments of filial piety in so graceful a manner, that pity, admiration, and respect, at once usurped the government of my bosom.

I felt a delicious emotion in perceiving with what undescribable tenderness the poor old man and his daughter embraced each other. Oh Rousseau! oh Yorick! — if such a scene were to pass near your tombs, would you not burst from the cold monument of Death to celebrate the virtues of the exemplary Rosa!

Is it thee, my dearest Rosa?—is it thee? said the aged father, stretching out his withered hands, which seemed to seek the fond object of his regards with sympathetic agency—Where art thou Rosa?—let me press thee to my panting heart. You tarried so long, that I almost began to think you had forsaken me. Rosa instantly kissed the trembling forehead of her parent,

and wetted his silver locks with the tears of affection.

I knew my dear child---I well knew that thou wouldst return---come near me, that I may kiss thee once more.--You will never desert this old man again, ROSA, but constantly watch by his side to soften the pangs of affliction.---Ah, Sir, replied the lovely girl, do you not know---What ROSA?---That he is---my FATHER!--What a sentiment!--Could volumes express more?

—————Ye parents who boast of educating your children agreeably to the principles of Christianity, bid them read this tale.

LINGO'S* OPINIONS

• N

MEN AND MANNERS;

A COMICAL, WHIMSICAL, OPERATICAL, FAR-
SICAL RHAPSODY.

(The Musick by Mr. Shield.)

WELL, here I am in London—*O Cælum in terra*, that I should live to these years, and not know that London was the fountain-head of delight, the *fons pleasuralibus*, as a body may say, where a man gets every thing for asking—if he has but plenty of money to pay double its worth.

ha, ha, ha, ha——

I remember, when I first paid my addresses to Mrs. LINGO, that she wanted monstrously to see sights—What a—what a—what a—charming soul—As for cowslip, the dairy maid—Psha, Cowslip was no more to be compared to her—no more—than a

* EDWIN performed this interlude with great applause at all his benefit nights, at Covent Garden and the Hay-market Theatres, for the last five years.

bottle of Falernian, is to a pint of small beer—She was *non com.* Mrs. LINGO came cook, purveyor, and barn door executioner in ordinary to DOMINE FELIX, just three months before I was seized with the rheumatism in my right shoulder—she had a fine presence—so agreeable—so docile, so condescending—so jennysequoish—so every thing that a gentleman like me could desire—What prodigious events, are dependant upon little circumstances!—’twas the graceful manner in which she presented me with a sop immersed in beef fat, that first won my love—Jove, that great Hector, was determined I should be enamoured, and Cupid let fly at me through the dripping pan. “My sweet girl,” said I, for Mrs. LINGO then wanted three years of her grand climacteric—“My sweet girl said I, shall we be *duo in uno*?—shall we study the *Callipædia*, and learn the art of getting pretty children?—“As you please Mr. LINGO,” was the gentle reply--could Niobe have done more?—Ah, she was a woman of amazing parts—dished parsnips like a divinity—made soup

foup like an angel—and would have done honour to the kitchen of that old hungry Roman Heliogabalus, who ate lampreys like sprats, and could empty a fish market for his morning breakfast—they may talk as much as they please about their Wenusses, Helens, Nell, Quins, or fair Mary of Scotland, psha—Mrs. LINGO's charms, like the diamonds of Golconda, were incomparable—her sable lips---her azure cheeks---her argent eyes---her couchant chin---her flagrant breath---her comical ——— but she is gone---heigho---all is vanity---highty---tighty---*mors janua vitæ*---Nothing is durable---as the Irishman says---we are here to day and gone yesterday.

But this was always the way,
So those who can't laugh, must pray !

I never reflect upon mortality, but I become melancholy, and when I'm melancholy, I'm as dull as the parson of our parish ---look here my masters, look here, my best velvet coat is going the way of all flesh ---the nap is worn off---I never look at it but I
think

think of my latter end---It operates on me,
as a *momento mori*---like a Physician's chariot
---or a Death's head in a country church---
but all must perish.

" The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
" The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
" Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve ;
" Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
" Leave not a rack behind."

If that's the case then, why should I be
surprised or vexed, that an old coat, which I
have had in my possession these twenty years,
should be worse for wear, and out at the elbows
--What strange things *have* happened--what
strange things *do* happen---what strange
things *will* happen---heigho---does the cat
laugh?

A I R,

One day, says master Pluto,
To Mrs. Proserpine ;
You've made me a Cornuto,
For all you whimp and wine,

Come I'm sure you did. `
Tiddle, lul, lol.

II. When

II.

When Jove he went a courting,
To Danæ as we're told ;
He fee'd her like a lawyer,
And strew'd the way with gold.
To be sure he did
tiddle, lul, lol.

III.

Young Bacchus was a toper,
That used to lie in bed ;
Apollo was a fidler,
That sung about for bread
To be sure he did
tiddle, lul, lol.

IV.

How fine a thing is learning,
That scholars understand,
For all the Grecians tell us,
'Tis better than house or land.
To be sure it is.
tiddle, lul, lol,

V.

When house and land are mortgag'd,
And all the money spent ;
Why then says I, your learning,
Will be most excellent.
To be sure it will.
tiddle, lul, lol.

PART. II.

I have been to see the Crows, ha, ha, ha! I heard some ladies, "Wow they were perdigious monsters"—Lord help their silly heads—These descendents of king Lud and alderman Whittington, please me mightily with their wonderful sights—They paid five thousand a year to a travelling tinker, for shewing a docile pig as a rarity, though almost every man they met, was a boar in society.

I have been to see the famous dwarf, Count Borowlowsky—a dwarf, ha, ha, ha! they call a dwarf a marvellous being, when there are 50 thousands within the bills of mortality—there are dwarfs in politics—dwarfs in phyfic—dwarfs in science—dwarfs in the legislature—dwarfs on the stage—dwarfs in literature—and dwarfs *ad infinitum*—Shall I combat these conceited people—that is, shall I set 'em right?—Psha! what can my single voice do—it was not in the power of *Longinus* to make the Athenians wise, nor
could

could *Kit the Tanner* regulate the abuses of civil government—heigho—well, let them go on—let 'em go on to the length of their tether, and then they'll stop, *heu lachryma ingenii impuras sunt resistere progressibus absurditatis.*

Mrs. LINGO said to me one Michaelmas day, says she, my dear, my adorable, Mr. LINGO, who is Mr. Chaos, that I have heard so much about? Mr. Chaos, my love, says I---Mr. Chaos is a respectable gentleman, who pays us a visit at the fag end of existence---But who is he like, Mr. LINGO? --- Like my domestic sugar plumb, why, he is like a great king in his coffin, he puts the world into a general mourning---dear soul, she was always as inquisitive about sapience, as a waiter at Lloyd's after a high wind---

I have been to the parliament house too, where I heard many long speeches, some reason, and as many metaphors as would serve to decorate a volume of modern pœetry---One honorable member, after giving
three

three loud hems—addressed the speaker—to amend an act, to explain an act, to develop an act, that was originally enacted, *Carolo Secundo, Anno Domino*, and all that—I was listening with the utmost attention to this round about Tully, when I perceived the company about me upon the broad grin—I was at a loss for some time to account for the cause—when behold you, they were sneering at my wig—my faculties were folded up in astonishment, and I thought, at first, that their ill-manners proceeded from their having never been at school—but *verbum sapienti*—An old fashioned gentleman, who sat at my elbow—whispered in my ear, and set me right—*Whigs* have not been esteemed my friend, said he, in this house, ever since the hard frost—I told him, that I was sorry the hard frost had been so injurious to the Constitution—

Would you believe it?—I have been at Paternoster-Row—I have been among the Quizzes—the Meccenusses—the Muzzies—*Pater noster qui es in cælis*, oh gemini domini—egad, I've been among the book-sellers---

sellers—where I offered *my* services—a little, diminutive, lillipution sort of a man, with a brown bob and a beaver; after turning *me* round, with as much circumspection as he would a bad shilling, asked *me* to construe *desideratum, postulatam et ultimum*—the wearer of the brown bob thought to be down upon me—but it would not do—will you have the translation?—well, so you shall—I told him *desideratum* was latin for a seat in parliament---*postulatam* for a city remonstrance, and *ultimum* for the world's end---oh, oh, said the small retailer of duodecimos, you are too *learned* for me, Mr. LINGO, and then wished me a good morning---*damnatus, ignoramus bibliopola!*

What a pity so much time was bestowed upon my education---Poor learning is almost defunct, and then so many dunces have become great men without any education at all--Robinson Crusoe, Horace, Doctor Goldsmith, Homer, and John Gilpin, are regarded now no more than so many old shoes---but, how can it be otherwise, when the works of the learned, are daily prostituted to the vilest use

uses of society---wrapping up mundungus for filthy porters, or enclosing pennyworths of Cheshire cheese for the masticators of old washer-women.

Oh cælum in terra! now we've got a commercial treaty, all the world will be running mad to larn French---The order of things will be reversed---I suppose *Syntax* must give way to *Chambaud's* grammar, and we shall have nothing but *commong vou porta vou* at the corner of every alley---Pshaw---The french lingo can no more be compared to the Latin, than a pig's-tail to the full-bottomed wig of an alderman of Portsoken---a razor to the scythe of death, a sprat to a whale, a pop-gun to a demi-culverin, a point to great A---a---but it will be all the same a hundred years hence---and then we'll sing---but first let me see, what shall we sing---why, we'll sing.

AIR.

Oh tempora, oh mores,

Inter strepit anser olores.

Major Domo's,

A comical homo,

Bonus

Bonus nocias,

Good night Roscius ;

A triangular cod-fish,

Would be an odd fish ;

Gallus tuus ego,

Cock your eye at Don Diego,

Multum in parvo.

Here's good meat, and no one to carve oht;

Anno Domine.

I once was in love with Mrs. Melpomene,

But there is a song, which I learned one day,

Which I sing on Saturday, Sunday, Monday,

And that is, *Sic tranfit gloria mundi,*

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,

[Sunday.]

N. B.—*Sic tranfit gloria mundi.*

PART. III.

Well to be sure, this London is a charming spot of earth—a choice bit of *terra firma*, and the ladies are so witty, and so pretty, and so, he, he, he; as I was going along there down by the sign of the what d'ye call'im head, at the corner of thingumee lane, when a lovely, adorable, superlative, extatic, young, beautiful creature, with a winning leer in her black rolling eye—so engaging and so ravishing, ask'd me to hand

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her

her over the kennel—gave me such a look, and said such pretty soft things to me, that ecod, I fancied myself at that instant of time, like Mars the great God of War in the Island of Cyprus, and that Venus herself was making love to me in *propria personæ*—Oh, the dangers of this national head, where there is more *fungus* than brains—a man runs the chance of breaking his shins every instant—surrounded with rocks, too firmly to be removed by the labours of admonition.

Well after all it is marvellous to observe the freaks of fashion—I met a bookseller last Wednesday, a comical *Homo*, with rubrick buttons—a folio hat—an octavo waistcoat, and a printed pair of stockings—he asked my opinion of his dress—Mr. LINGO, says he, you are acquainted with men and things; what do you think of my dress—an't I neatly bound to make a clean impression on a Widow's heart?—I told the vender of volumes, that in my apprehension, he would look decently enough, *if---if*, says he, with a stare—*if what*, Mr. LINGO?

LINGO?—why, says I, in *my* way---if the Composition was not bound in *Calf*, ha, ha, ha---the people laughed---I said nothing---
Mum silentum taciturnitas ego---It must be owned, that the Antiques had vastly the advantage of us in point of dress---a modern Triumvirate is obliged to sit two hours under the hands of his friseur, before he can be fit to eat a mutton chop, at a ten-penny ordinary---whereas a Roman Alderman, had nothing to do but throw his *Toga veneris* over his shoulder, and he was perfectly equipt for the Court of Augustus.

I have been to hear the Readings---a Serious tale that made me laugh, and a Comic Sketch that made me cry.

Nemo omnibus horis Sapit.

This was the manner.

“ The Bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it as if impatient---I fear poor

creature said I, I cannot set thee at liberty ---

" No, said the Starling, I can't get out---

I can't get out, said the Starling."

*Ut Sunt Divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,
virorum.*

If this *Homo* was to enter a Room, he
wou'd address the Company with---

Your Servant Capt. Thomson, I hope
Mrs. Thomson is very well--how do you Mr.
WHAT D'YE CALLUM, I hope Mrs. WHAT-
D'YE CALLUM is very well, and MASTER
and Miss WHAT D'YE CALLUM, and all the
young WHAT D'YE CALLUMS."

Pray what Newspaper do you like Mr
THOMSON, I suppose you abuse the TIMES,
but take in as usual the WORLD---no Sir,
I am now contented with *taking in* the
PUBLIC!---pray Sir, are you acquainted with
CAPTAIN PERRIWINKLE!---intimate---is he
really an officer, or only a lobby lounge?---
poz, carries a pair of colours in the knock-
softly regiment!

Reading!

Reading! Psha! why don't they study
Syntax, but Tristram Shandy says,---

De mortuis nil nisi bonum---

That is, we must not speak ill of the
living. but I'll drop the Subject now, and
take it up another time---I am a man of few
words, though I'm always talking!---

Oh Tempora, O Mores, they send Chil-
dren to School at 2 years old---I popt my
ear the other day to the door of a puerile
Seminary of the Feminine Gender---I
looked, and had a full view of the *Magestra*,
and the whole *Schola*—a little Miss was
spelling the word Birmingham—BIRM—
Birm. ING—ing Birming—HAM ham—
Birmingham. The Lady Abecedarian
screw'd up her Alphabetical face, ad-
monished her pupil, and set her right—my
dear the word is not Birmingham 'tis
Brumidgum—mind how I spell it BIRM—
Brum—ING—idg—Brumedg---HAM---
uma--Brum---idgum, ha, ha, ha---

I went to the Tragedy last night---The Subject was the life and death of Skippo---the Great astonishing Skippo---the pattern of concupiscence, and the idol of immortality---Lord bless me it did my heart good to hear how the Actors roared---they must have charming lungs---Demosthenes, Robinson Crusoe, Alexander the Great, and Jack Caide were fools to 'em---the pouring of a tea pot to a water fall---One Speech in the Tragedy I remember,

“ Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckless Collier---white;
The dusty Collier heaves his pond'rous sack,
And big with vengeance beats the barber---black.
In comes the Brick-dust Man, with grim o'erspread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber---red,
Black, red, and white in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.”

The similies and delusions are quite natural, and I am certain that I should have admired the Tragedy vastly, if I could but have heard the argument, but that was not to be, for just as Skippo was going to die, the Gods began to be unruly---it seems there

there was a rebellion in Heaven about a Bottle of Porter, which a celestial blacksmith had thrown over a young Tallow-chandler, from Whitechapel---the consequences were terrific---all the house in an uproar, with off, off---go on, go on, stop, stop, off, off---damme throw him over---whaw! (*bark*) music---music---(*whistle*) Silence!--but this was'nt all---As I was going out of the Theatre, a genteel youth in black, contrived to pick my pocket of a Tobacco Stopper---Three and six-pence in Cash---and a Cordery without a cover---I called out to have him secured, but lord help you, my voice was soon drowned in a sea of vociferation---Four or five young gentlemen who run about the place with links in their hands, like so many dingy Hymens, soon did the business with---light your honour---a coach to Piccadilly---number forty-five---get out of that you ragged vagabond---you'll be hang'd you dog---won't your honour remember poor Jack---No.245---Coach, Coach, Coach, unhired---but what signifies throwing away reflection upon them there matters, it will be all one

in the next century, and then we all must
go---*Pro bono publico*---to the Shades below,
and leave this mixture of things--this Olio---
this Salmagundy---this hotch potch---this
Medley---Medley---in veritas I'll turn it
into musick, and make my exit.

MEDLEY.

Says Plato, why should man be vain,

Since bounteous Heaven has made him---

Buttons a farthing a pair,

Come who'll buy them of me---

As down on Banna's banks I stray'd

One evening in May,

The pretty little jocund birds

Sung--

When the lads of the village shall merrily ah!--

Say little foolish fluttering thing

Whither, ah whither?

Would you go to Dungarvan, and see a brogue maker

Who works as he carols--

Dear Molly I love you I hope there's no harm in that

You are so witty, so pretty, so charming that

When ever I see you---

My temples with clusters of grapes I'll entwine,

And barter all joys for---

A very pretty fancy---a brave gallante shew;

A very

A very pretty---

Jolly young waterman,

Who at Black Friars was used for to ply---

Rail no more ye learned asses,

'Gainst the joys, the bowl supplies,

Sound its depth and---

Hark the bonny Christ Church bells,

One, two, three, four, five, six,

They found---

When Britain first at heaven's command---

Saluted young Molly who lives in the vale---

If love's a sweet passion how can it torment,

If---

But there is a song that I learn'd one day,

Which I sing on Saturday, Sunday, Monday,

And that is, *sic transit Gloria mundi*

Bye, Bye,

We all must die,

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Satur-
day, Sunday, or Monday!

FOUR and twenty fiddlers all in a row,
Four and twenty fiddlers all in a row;
There was fiddle faddle, and ummi demme double damme
demi semmi quibble down below;—'Tis my Lady's
holiday, therefore we'll be merry.

Four

Four and twenty harpsichords all in a row,

There was slow time, quick time, common and triple time, one, two, and almost three, in concord, unison and discord, with fiddle faddle, &c.

Four and twenty ladies all in a row,

There was tittle tattle, prittle prattle, pray Mem have you seen Mrs. TOMKINS, and the little fry?—do you buy your bohea at TWINING'S? have you seen the *Shakespeare Gallery*, its immensely beautiful? with slow time, &c.

Four and twenty washerwomen all in a row;

Up to the elbows in fuds, with prittle prattle, tittle tattle, pray mem, have you seen Mrs. TOMKINS, with slow time, &c.

Four and twenty parliament men all in a row;

There was majority and minority, argument and reason, without any treason, up to their elbows in fuds, with tittle-tattle, &c.

Four and twenty lawyers all in a row;

There were deeds of conveyance with a settlement in tail, with majority and minority, up to their elbows in fuds, with tittle tattle, &c.

Four and twenty old maids all in a row;

There was oh! how I hate all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance and settlements in tail, &c.

Four and twenty box-loungers all in a row ;

They were in at half price in whole boots, a disgrace
to all male creatures, with their deeds of conveyance, &c,

Four and twenty auctioneers all in a row ;

There was who bids more ?—a very pretty lot, just a
going, in at half price with whole boots, a disgrace
to, &c,

Four and twenty Lingo's all in a row ;

There was Moses, Homer, Hercules and Wat Tyler,
with who bids more ?—a pretty lot, just a going, in at
half price with whole boots, a disgrace to all male
creatures, with their deeds of conveyance and settle-
ments in tail, majority and minority, arguments and
reason without any treason, tittle tattle, prittle prattle,
up to their elbows in fuds, slow time, quick time in
concord, unison and discord, with fiddle faddle, and
ummi demi double damme demi semi quibble down
below ; 'Tis my Lady's holiday, Therefore we will be
merry.

THE
KENSINGTON STAGE,*

OR THE
FATIGUES OF A LONG JOURNEY.

A
COMICAL, POETICAL DESCRIPTION,

"Oh, the fatigues of a long journey!"

I Will tell you a story shall make you all stare,
Which happened when I lived in Kensington Square;
Last Candlemas day, I had promised to dine
In Blowbladder-street—on a turkey and chine,

* EDWIN delivered this at his benefit at Covent-Garden-Theatre in 1787, when he had the fullest house ever known!

With

With Mrs. FIDGET's first cousin,
 Who gets an honest livelihood—selling claret, by the
 dozen.

A mighty good sort of a man, as the world goes,

Who drinks away care ;

And the bottle has painted the tip of his nose,

But that you know, is neither here nor there.

Now you shall hear how I fat out,

And by what route ;

The day being cold with a fog 'fore the sun,

I ordered the stage to be ready at one ;

Quite happy to think, that I shortly should be

With my cousin in town—for my coz dines at three :

Then the proud charioteer took his seat on the box,

And gave the worn foot board three eloquent knocks,

Which his ribs, yelep'd horses, full well understood,

Tho' neither were priz'd for their beauty or blood.

Then they crawl'd to the terrace, collecting their power,

At the marvellous rate of—a mile in an hour,

To receive an attorney, who discord entices,

And fattens and feeds on society's vices.

Then up to the gravel-pits hurried his cattle,

For a captain of foot, that had ne'er been in battle,

Then back to Church-Lane made the best of his way,

For a virgin of fifty, who'd ne'er caught her prey ;

Her name was Miss FUBSEY, her income but small,

Her complexion pale orange, her frame lank and tall ;

With

With her little minx Chloe, the lady sat down,
 For curs and old maids, live like Darby and Joan.
 When the nymph and her dog took their places,
 We were trailed up to High street for a pair of strange
 faces ;
 'Twas the widow BELWEATHER and her matchless daughter,
 Who murdered french verbs, as if ZIMMERMAN taught
 her ;
 The spinster was dressed to the life,
 To go with mama,
 To a wealthy tobacco-nist near Temple bar,
 Who meant to take Miss as a wife.
 Thus we fix sat in clover, with knee touching knee,
 Like your cits in a barge, all arranged *vis a vis* ;
 Then the carriage was instantly ta'en,
 Back to Dukes lane ;
 For nine large Wiltshire cheeses,
 Which a soap boiler's dowager there,
 Sent to an Israelite's rib, who lodges in Devonshire square
 To devour when she pleases ;
 The Officer by these cross marches somewhat nettled,
 Asked the coachman if all things were settled ;
 That he might proceed in due gradation,
 To the place of destination ;
 Upon which the driver told him,

He hop'd, as how, his honour wou'd not scold him;
Because he must return to Young street, before he was
quite ready,

To take up another lady;
Another lady, cried Miss FUBSEY, that is vastly strange,
It will be five o'clock said the Lawyer, (looking at his
watch) before we get to the Exchange;
Blood and thunder roared the captain, (peeping out of the
coach window) why my honest friend,
When the devil d'ye think we shall get to our journey's
end;

Gee up—ah—get forward—Tartar, Vixen—LaJONN,
And flogg'd his spavin'd Rosinantes on;
And as the rumbling mansion mov'd along,
Our friends on the roof regal'd us with a song.

(S O N G) *An old woman, cloathed in grey.*

He, he, he, titter'd Miss BELWEATHER, this is a monstrous
good joke,

Oh fie Miss CHARLOTTE said the prudent dame,
Calling her daughter by her christian name,
You must not be so free,
Before strange company;

Pardonnez moi, mama, I only spoke;
These words had scarce escap'd the intended bride,
When lo the carriage door was opened wide;
To admit a seventh guest,
Who held a lap dog to her panting breast;

This

This nymph was—Miss MUZZY—superbly dish'd out
In her best bib and gauzes to go to a rout ;

With an elegant gown made of rich yellow sattin,
That was wove—when the sturdy Queen Bess studied
Latin ;

But the point that remained for discussion, was, where,
And what part of the coach, should receive this proud
fair ;

Said Miss MUZZY, I wont travel backwards, that's flat ;
When Miss FUBSEY replied,

I'm amazed at such pride, ;
With marry come up, and such airs, and all that ;
Miss MUZZY rejoined with a toss of her head,
And wondered she said,

To find such a lady, was not better bred ;
Then the furies stept in, to encourage the ill,
And they scolded, and scratched, with a hearty good will ;
Miss FUBSEY began the attack, by tearing Miss MUZZY's
cap ;

Then Miss MUZZY returned the compliment, and shook
the powder into Miss FUBSEY's lap ;

They would have done more but the Graces forbid it,
For an accident happ'd, as if Charity did it ;
Our coach ran flap-bang 'gainst a Maidenhead chaise,
And the Marlborough Waggon, which flies in 8 days.
O Lord, we're all ruin'd, shriek'd Madam BELL WEA-

THEY,

We're all ruin'd, my stars, scream'd the Misses together ;
We're

As silent and calm, I adher'd to my station,
While the Lawyer roar'd zounds, and the Captain
damnation.

But the driver's address marr'd what Mischief intended,
And he got to the Hand and Flower, where all the tackle
was soon mended ;

Then again we took the road, as all the boys halloo'd
Coachee take Care,

And don't whip your horses so hard, or you'll overset
your fare.

But he soon turn'd his back on each unmanner'd scorner,
And made the best of his way to Hyde Park Corner ;

We pass'd the White-horse Cellar in full glee,

And got to St. James's Church, at three quarters after
three.

As at that time of day, it was quite silly to think of
going to dine,

When I knew that before I cou'd get there, they wou'd
have eaten half the Turkey and chine ;

I came away

To Covent Garden Theatre, to see the play.

After I had swallowed a veal cutlet done crisp and warm,
And thank'd my stars that I escaped from harm ;

For the end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Is of all things what I like best.

(18)

COMIC EFFUSIONS,

CREATED AND ADOPTED.

OF which the dam was as fond, as an old
maid when married, is of her first child.

Hugged as close, as a school boy does a
bird's nest.

In a tone of voice, fit only to cry pan-
cakes, or diddle diddle Dumplings ho !

Hates

Hates it as bad, as a grocer does plumbs,
or an apothecary physic.

As dumb to rhetorick, as a fool to reason;
as blind to philosophy, as an owl to the sun-
shine; and as deaf to understanding, as a
priest to charity.

Dancing through the dirt, as a bear to a
bagpipe.

Tricked up in as much gaiety, as a dan-
cing master on a ball day, or a young squire
at a country affizes.

In less time than an old woman could
crack a nut.

As silent as a quaker, unmoved by the
spirit.

Seem as innocent as doves, and as wicked
as devils.

Staring at the candle with as much sted-
fastness, as country passengers at Bow-steeple,
or a child at a raree-show.

A rare tongue pad, and excellent at these
following qualifications; he can out flatter
a poet, out huff a bully, out wrangle a law-
yer, out cant a puritan, out cringe a beau,
out face truth, and out lie the devil.

Looked as pleased as an old horse, eating
water-grass.

He has as many maggots in his noddle,
as there are mice in an old barn, or crusts in
a mumper's doublet.

As merry as a young comedian over a
lame jest, or a constable at a bell man's
verses.

He

He makes no more of committing a man,
than a tavern drawer does of kissing the
cook.

MUSICK.

We are told that the law-givers of the
Hebrews held converse with the Deity—in
my idea, if such an event was to take place
now, the conference would be involved in
the strain of HANDEL's harmony—as listen-
ing to that, Atrocity would forego his purpose
and his malefaction.

A few months since, a singular circum-
stance happened in Paris—MORIGI the buffo,
was on a visit to GIARDINI, who on his
departure desired MORIGI to remember the
watch word *la constitution*, which MORIGI,
being tipsy, forgot, and on being questioned
by the centinel, repeated *la confusion*.

As much occasion for it as a toad has
for a side pocket.

Hurry no man's cattle, you may keep an
 afs of your own.

A very resolute fellow—he fears no man
 in the world, except the hangman; and
 dreads no death, but choaking.

Whose education from their cradles, un-
 der some skilful matron in iniquity, have
 made them pleasant companions, taking bed-
 fellows, expert jilts, incorrigible sinners, and
 good managers of a bad design; who had
 whores to their mothers, rogues to their fa-
 thers, bawds to their tutors; and under a
 deceitful countenance, are so case hardened
 in impudence, that they were too young to
 sin, when they were old enough to be wil-
 ling.

Ottoman gruel. (coffee)

As slender in the waste, as a Dutch skipper
 at the girdle.

I'm

I'm as much troubled with money, as a frog is with feathers.

If their talons were as sharp as their tongues, they need not fear a combat with all the wild beasts of America.

He guzzled, and rattled, and stared like fury: And every time he spoke, 'twas with so much earnestness, that I thought his eyes would have flown out of his head in pursuit of his words. All he talked was loud nonsense, and the heat of his brain setting fire to his tongue, made every thing he said so wonderfully hot, that the ears of all people glowed who heard him.

Her shape was a good testimony of her virtues, for had our first she-parent been but half so homely, the devil would have been damned nine times deeper into the infernal abyss, before he would have robbed her of her innocence, or anticipated Adam in the enjoyment of his help mate.

As busy as so many flies upon a dead knight.

If you ever see a madman hanged for speaking truth, or a lawyer whipped for lying, I'll be bound to prove my wig a wheel-barrow.

Shut your mouth and give your tongue a holiday.

Legs so slender, that they bid defiance to any parish-stocks.

As merry as so many beggars in a barn,

I would sooner cry mouse-traps for a livelihood.

Ban mot—When CHARLES BANNISTER was at Stourbridge fair with JACK PALMER
4 and

and a company of comedians, who had erected a booth in opposition to BARRET and his Norwich troops; on the first night of performing it rained very hard, and came in great quantities through the rafters into the theatre, which alarming the manager, who was regaling at the inn with some metropolitan friends, he rushed into BANNISTER's dressing room, and enquired with much eagerness, how the house stood as to company--when CHARLES replied, "Zounds, JACK don't be frightened, we have as good a house as you can wish, don't you see man, that we overflow already."

At a late representation of *Cymbeline*, at the Newcastle Theatre, during the contest between *Posthumus* and *Jachimo*, the scene was thrown into confusion by the appearance of a new performer.—This was no other than a large *mastiff* dog belonging to STANTON, the manager, who, interfering to preserve the peace, had seized on the unfortunate *Jachimo* by a part, which it is
not

not usual with fencers to defend!—The performer dropt his point, at feeling a gripe so singular. The gallery roared, perhaps unfeelingly, at the joke, but the dog kept his hold until the alarm reached the Green Room, and the *embarras* was terminated by the appearance of his master.

X Sir ISAAC NEWTON—on reading SHAKESPEARE, exclaimed, “it is a wonderful effort of genius, but it proves nothing.”

She became her ornaments as a cow would a curb bridle, or a sow a hunting saddle.

There was no talking among them, but *puff* was the period of every sentence, and what they said was as short as possible, for fear of losing the supreme comforts of a *whiff*, as “How d’ye-do?—a *puff*. Thank ye.—a *puff*. Is the weed good?—a *puff*. Excellent—a *puff*. Its fine weather—a *puff*.
God

God be thank'd—a puff. What's a clock?
—a puff. &c.—to the end of the chapter.

Country scrapers sawing a tune.

An army of flies incamped at the door,
in order to attack the pig-sauce.

He made his honors with as much grace,
as a cow might make a curtsy.

Jack winders.

Burgeßes of the dripping-pan

Lick fingers.

Brother Skimpot.

Knights of the frying-pan.

After he had fumbled as long in his pock-
ets, as a hypocrite does to find a farthing
for a beggar, he at last pulled out his artifici-
al peepers, which he mounted a cock-horse
upon the handle of his face.

Which

Which in justice I must say, according to the old English way of praising beef, was as rich, fat, young, well fed, delicious meat as ever was taken into the mouth, masticated between the teeth, and swallowed into the belly of a true Englishman.

As choice of his words as a miser of his treasure.

Here's my purse, 'tis indeed a little low; but a ballad singer you know, is not a bishop.

The women brought their husbands abundance of children, breeding, as if it had been for a wager.

A razor so much worn, that it seemed to have shaved two generations.

I looked as hard at him as Alexander eyed the physician.

A re-

A reformed drunkard should never be left in a cellar.

I gave him half a dozen salutes on the face, so rudely, that made him see more candles than ever burned in Solomon's temple.

When the business is to carry off the goods of another—I can lift Noah's ark.

Like the root of a tongue, curdled down in the mouth.

I will bring her the A B C in ginger-bread, and that you know will be learning to her taste.

He turned brandy merchant, and I believe his whole stock ran out through his abdomen.

One wit (in company), like a knuckle of ham in soup, gives it a zest and flavour to

to

to the dish : but more than one serves only
to spoil the pottage.

Victuals transferred from the pot to the
intestines.

The man followed another, turning over
anon as he turned, as if he had been the
other's tail.

Music and play, fright sorrow away.

Squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed
to look at each other.

You must throw that bone to some other
—as if I did not know that 2 and 3 make
5, or when my own shoe pinches. Your
worship must not think to feed me with pap,
for egad, I am no such suckling.

He must be blind indeed, that cannot see
the bottom of a sieve:

When

When your neighbour's son comes to the door, wipe his nose and take him in.

The wife that deserves a good name stays at home, as if she were lame; and the maid must be still doing, that hopes to see the men come wooing.

I am as incapable of doing it, as I am of pulling the moon by the nose.

No parent ever thought his own offspring ugly, and this prejudice is still more strong towards the children of the understanding.

Nothing would part 'em, but the sexton's school.

I am an old dog, not to be taken in with
—Come hither poor Tray.

A pound of good luck is worth a pound of merit.

Be

Be temperate in drinking, and consider that excess of wine, will neither keep a secret, nor perform a promise.

Two bushels of laughter.

It is indifferent to me, said Foote to Mrs. BELLAMY, what Character I play—I assure you, I'd do the man in the moon, if you will condescend to be the *Luna*!

The employment of my office is so severe, that I have not time to scratch my head.

What I offered, was much more than his Court of conscience informed him it was worth.

Just recovered from a plentiful crop of the small pox.

They overturned us to give them opportunity of shewing their politeness in picking us up again.

Fingers

Fingers so very lean and dry, that she never snuffed the candle with them, but they presently caught fire.

Showed like a cracked organ pipe.

He lived so low, and eat so little, that it created a rebellion in his belly, and the great guts cursed the little ones.

He wished decency good night, and locked the door upon her.

Mr. MURPHY once cut off a fellow's head, that lay asleep, and then waited to hear, what he would say when he awaked and missed it.

I never once opened the door of my lips.

Handles his legs very well.

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I had rather be fet in the earth, and
bowled to death with turnips.

My belly is as cold, as if I had swallowed
snow balls.

Cut me across, I am your's categorically.

Drink it up, I can go to the pump.

My interest here is a very youth.

He devoured more cheefe in three minutes,
than a million of maggots could have done
in three weeks.

A wheel-barrow full of perriwigs.

He lives over against a church, that when
he dies, he may not have far to travel upon
four mens shoulders.

Roared like a Town Lion at a woman
pregnant with a male child.

Buttoned

Buttoned up his shop.

Watchmen or hour gruntern.

Bring your breeches to an anchor.

Weave seven pair in an hour, and twice
in for a cut.

TERMS of CARVING.

Cut up a Turkey.

Rear a Goose.

Unbrace a Mallard, or Duck.

Unlace a Coney.

Wing a Partridge or Quail.

Allay a Pheasant or Teal.

Dismember a Hern.

Thigh a Woodcock.

Display a Crane,

Lift a Swan.

He roar'd so loud, and look'd so grim,
That his very shadow durst not follow him.

As ignorant as dirt, and as foolish as
Chloe.

Fudge—Jiffy—Dicky—All my eye—
Galluminevus—Tushmereen—Oumbro—
Tiopilotero—Posvosativo—Betty Martin,
and Blarny.

I love it no more than one of my eyes.

He is as plain as a conundrum, and as up-
right as a corkscrew.

He looks as bright as the gable end of a
coal pit.

He looks as cheerful as a pig of lead.

He is as merry as a bag of sand.

He is as odoriferous as a tallow-chandler
in the dog days.

He

He is like MOONY's goose, all fudge and
fooster.

He spoke once of the unfortunate CHAT-
TERTON, thus prophetically: when asked,
where he *lived*, "*he lives* no where, but
exists in a *ditch*,"* and must *starve* in a
Christian land!"

I am a philosopher, and can bear as much
ease as any man.

Hearing a watchman call the hour,
exclaimed, "there is a pretty fellow to
keep a secret."

Now, what is there in life, that a man
cannot put up with?

Four in a bed, and Lord T——w's de-
cency.

A pleasant youth, but half an hour's
hanging would do him no harm.

* Shoreditch.

"Get out man," said Mr. FLANNIGIN to a bookseller, "would you have the conscience to ask me seven shillings for a CROWN OCTAVO?" *Botheration! oh, wonderful botheration!*

Pray, who is that gentleman so enviously privileged, that he can make his appearance in any lady's bed chamber, without being reproved for the intrusion?

ABRAHAM NEWLAND!

The royal Hebrew would have given his diadem for the advantage.

CHARLES FOX told an insolent fellow, "he would kick him to hell."

"If you do," said the other, "I'll tell your father, how you are squandering his money."

H—A—D

Sir

SIR RICHARD PEPPER ARDEN, once stumbled on a sort of illegitimate jest, and that too in the very seat of legislation—take the fact (on oath, if necessary). Some resolutions having passed in the House of Commons, between *six* and *seven* in the morning—Sir DICK, then Attorney General—and now Master of the Rolls, jocosely asserted, “that they were entitled to no respect, as the House was then at *SIXES* and *SEVENS*!”

If this would not make a cat laugh, what will?

How many of his promises make an ounce?

More than I can tell, because there is no *weight* in his discourse.

“You horrid villain, said one man to another, was not your grand father a pirate, and your father a murderer?—Well, I know that, said the other; but you can’t say they were *taylors*!”

After a midnight affray in Covent Garden, the watchman in bawling the hour, cried, "past three o'clock, and a bloody morning!"

—When Mrs. GOODALL, first appeared in breeches, at Drury Lane Theatre, with Mrs. JORDAN, there was a dispute betwixt the ladies, which had the handsomest legs—the disputants appealed to a literary gentleman present, who, from motives of delicacy, would not subscribe to the opinion of either, but prudently said, Mrs. GOODALL's were too long, and Mrs. JORDAN's too short, and, for his part, he should like something between both.

GENERAL FAWCET once asked an Irishman at Munich, if he would fight for a foreign crown?

Aye, or for *half* a crown either, said PADDY!

RECIPE

*RECIPE for raising an INDEPENDENT
COMPANY.*

SEND a good bawling SERJEANT into a Country Village, with a drum at his heels. The latter must first alarm the cottagers—and the other must tell every extravagant story he can think of, as fast as possible, of—“LONDON being paved with gold!—that ready roasted pigs run through the streets with knives and forks stuck in their backs—that the EAST-INDIES has two SUNS—and that nobody drinks any thing smaller than PORTER, &c. &c.”

Then, when he has made three or four fellows, who attend to him, drunk, at the ale house, and freely enlisted them, he has only to TIE them, NECK and HEELS, put them into a cart, and send them up as—VOLUNTEERS to serve HIS MAJESTY.

When

When CHARLES F—— was vehemently teased for money, by some Hebrew creditors, he told them, he would discharge the incumbrance as soon as possible.

“ But Mr. F——name the *daysh* ?”

“ The day of judgment”—

“ Oh *Mishter* F—— that will be too *bisby* a day for us ?”

“ Right MOSES, so we will make it the day after !”

DEMOCRITAN PHILOSOPHY.

“ Damn it man, make a bold dash and get rid of your misfortunes at once. “ What would you have me do, cry or cut my throat ?” “ Neither—but jump up, and throw your wig at the stars.”

Psha !

Why, my honest fellow, I hope you don't call those *legs* !—yes but I do—can you give me a better pair ?

I can't

I can't give you worfe—but, hark'ye, don't go too near the horfe guards.

Why ?

If you do, they will steal them for drum sticks !

What a rude rascal !

ANECDOTE of FOOTE.

On the first night of the representation of the comedy of the Suspicious Husband, *Foote* sat by a plain, honest, well meaning citizen, whose imagination was strongly impressed by the incidents of the play. At dropping of the curtain, the wit complained to his neighbour of the impropriety of suffering *Ranger* to go off as he came on, without being reclaimed. Could not the author, said he, throw this youth, in the course of his nocturnal rambles, into some ridiculous scene of distress, which might have reclaimed him ? As he now stands, who knows but the rogue, after all the pleasure he has given us, may spend the night in a round house

house ;—By G—d, says the Cit, if it happens in my Ward, I'll release him, for I'm sure he is too honest a fellow to run away from his bail.

Doctor Barton being in company with Doctor Nash, who had just printed two heavy folios, containing the antiquities of Worcestershire, the warden humourously observed to the Doctor, that his publication was deficient in several respects. Dr. Nash, as was but natural, endeavoured to defend his volumes in the best manner he was able. "Pray, Doctor, are not you a justice of peace?" "I am," replied the Doctor. "Then" says Barton, "I advise you to send your work to the *House of Correction*."

"Why should we quarrel for riches?" sung a poor mutilated tar, by way of an antidote to desperation.

Why, indeed—answered a *qui tam* attorney—when I have what you have not.

VALOUR *versus* VICE!

The

The late Lord Lyttleton, hearing that G——, a noted *sharp*, had married Miss V——, who was an idiot, and daughter of his particular friend—the first time he met the lady's father, being at a loss how to congratulate him upon so extraordinary an event and alliance, at last exclaimed, "By G—d, V——, your grand children will be prodigies."—"Why so?" said Mr. V——, ——"Because, replied his Lordship, your daughter is a *fool*, and her husband's a *rogue*; and at school I was taught to believe, *that two negatives make an affirmative.*"

An impertinent fellow, who was a stranger to lord Guildford, asked him, in the pit of the opera, who that plain lady was, immediately before him?—that lady, said the noble lord, is my wife—It is true, that she is a plain woman—I am a plain man—you, I perceive, are a plain dealer, and that is the plain truth!

Then Pity visited the impertinent.

When

When a witty gentleman, first saw Carlton and York houses, he exclaimed, that **HOLLAND** the architect, had used the two royal brothers very unkindly---having confined the **PRINCE** in a *pillory*, and the **DUKE** in a *round house*.

Why are the Opposition in the House of Commons, like a church carpenter ?

Because they make a pull **PITT** !

I am a miserable fellow, said a **Hosier** to a **Hatter**, my wife keeps her bed.

I am infinitely more unhappy than you, said the **Hatter** to the **Hosier**, for my wife has *sold* it.

I will catch hold of that lady's ~~_____~~ said **LORD H**---t to his **M**---y at **Kew**.—Do my Lord, said the **K**---, and *I'll lend you a hand*.

When DIGNUM made his first appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre, he was not so remarkable for his taste in dress, as in singing—The ladies in the Green Room were accustomed to rally him on his attire and his person, which is short and lusty—DIGNUM, who is a worthy good-natured man, took all in good part, until the night he was to play *Cimon*—Having arrayed himself with much care, he rushed rather proudly into the Green-Room, and demanded of CHARLES BANNISTER, who was to perform *Merlin*, if he did not look well—no, replied CHARLES, you look more like a hog than a *simon*.*

DIGNUM and MOSES KEAN the mimic, were both taylor's and intimate friends—BANNISTER met them, under the piazza in Covent Garden, arm in arm—"I never see those men together," said Charles, "but they put me in mind of one of Shakspeare's comedies. But which of them BANNISTER?—Why *Measure* for *Measure*!

* *Hog* and *simon* are common names for a shilling and expence.

Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, who spoke French imperfectly, invited the Duke de NIVERNOIS to dine with him — LORD CHESTERFIELD met him, a few days after, at court, and thus accosted him — “ I am concerned, Sir THOMAS, to understand, that you have affronted the ambassador from the Christianking ” — “ How my Lord ? ”, rejoined Sir THOMAS — “ It is in every body’s mouth,” added LORD CHESTERFIELD, “ that you gave the Duke some very *bad language* at your own table.”

When LORD CHESTERFIELD was dying, Sir THOMAS ROBINSON paid him a visit of condolence, and said, rather bluntly, “ I am sorry my Lord to perceive, that you are dying *by inches* ” — “ Oh, don’t be sorry about the matter,” replied the peer, “ but thank God, that I am not so tall as you by *a foot*.”

“ You murder time, said Mr. SHAW, the leader of the band at Drury Lane Theatre, to Mr. KEMBLE, who was rehearsing a song in *Richard Cœur de Lion* — Well, if I do,

do, laid the tragedian, I am more merciful than you, who are continually *beating* him!"

Why is the house of DARTMOUTH, like a Scotch washing-tub? Because there are many *legs* in it!

A young lady at Kingston, in Jamaica, in purchasing some rabbits of a negro, took them by the hind legs, to smell if they were sweet; which the innocent African considering as an improper trial, exclaimed—"Ah, ah, Missie that no fare—if buckara man take you Missie by the leg so, would you no smell too?"

A young farmer was invited to dine for the first time with his landlord, who was a very hospitable man—when he entered the drawing-room, a wag told him, that if he did not eat all that his landlord gave him, he must immediately fight him—the cloth was laid, and the parties began; the host being polite, was very attentive to their

coarse guest, and filled his plate repeatedly, all which, the farmer devoured with some labour; at last, the inviter was in the act of putting a large slice of pudding upon the farmer's plate, when he started from his seat—threw down his knife and fork, and began to strip in buff, and put himself in an attitude of defence, vociferously roaring, “dom un, come on, for I'll sooner fight till I die, than eat till I die.”

VENIAL VANITY.

A true Bill.

Some years since a whimsical affair took place—Mr. ——— of Covent Garden Theatre, was then one of the most brilliant young men of his time, and considered by the ladies as a second O'BRIEN—thus characterized, we should not affect wonder, if his society was sometimes courted by the fair—perhaps, youthful vanity might occasionally prompt him to insinuate, that he was not inconsiderable in the eyes of the ladies—

ladies—the scandalous chronicle of the time, has it, that he roved unrestricted from the voluptuous beauty to the wanton wit—the *Pandamean Venus* to the *Lesbian Sappho*--However, Mr. MAHON (now in Jamaica) and Mr. DUBELLAMY, (late a member of the Congress) concerted a plan to mortify his venial importance—They wrote a letter to Mr. ——— in the name of a lady, and implored him to come at a certain hour on horseback to Charing Cross, where she would wait his arrival in a hackney-coach with the glasses up, and that as soon as he perceived her wave a white handkerchief out of the carriage window, he was to consider that as the signal, and carefully to keep behind the coach, which was, at that instant, to be driven onward.—Mr. ——— obeyed the summons—and the vehicle proceeded through Pall Mall, Piccadilly, and Park-Lane, in all which places some of the comedians were planted to intercept Mr. ———'s route by friendly questions—but disregarding them all, he made the best of his way to keep pace with the machine, which was driven unusually quick — they

passed through Kensington Gravel-Pits, when a heavy shower of rain came on, and proceeded as far as Shepherd's bush, when Mr. ——— being completely jaded and wet to the skin, rode up to the side of the carriage with the intention of remonstrating with the lady.—After many threats on his part to the coachman, he stopt the horses—when lo ! instead of the expected beauty, he supposed panting within its confines, MAHON and DUBELLAMY popped their heads out of the conveyance and burst into a thundering fit of laughter !

Mr. PARSONS the comedian had dined with a friend, at Stratford, on the Essex road, and was returning to town alone in the evening, not entirely unapprehensive of being robbed—when he came to the three mile-stone, he saw a little decent looking man before him by the glimmering of the moon, and strove to overtake him, that they might accompany each other ; but, unfortunately for both parties, the more PARSONS laboured to overtake him, the more the other mended

mended his pace—in this state they walked, or rather ran at the rate of six miles an hour, until they arrived at Mile End turnpike-house, where the comedian found the man fanning himself, quite spent, and exhibiting every symptom of horror--when he had a little recovered himself, he assured PARSONS, that he had never been so alarmed before, as he confidently imagined that the player was a footpad, and that he should be robbed, murdered and thrown in a ditch!

LONG NED a coachman, was in the habit of constantly sharing the profits of the twenty-four hours with his master—After a successfull day he took out the money, and began to divide it progressively—a shilling for his master, and a shilling for himself; at last, he came to an odd sixpence, “How shall I dispose of this?” said NED, “Give that to me NED,” said his master, who was behind him, “because—I keep the horses”—

An instance of great simplicity happened last season at Bath—Mr. Dimond, the ma-

nager of the theatre in that city, had invited some friends to dine with him, at West Hall his country residence—As he was passing the larder before dinner, his olfactory nerves were offended, by a disagreeable effluvia, which he soon discovered, was occasioned by a joint of veal nearly putrid—in consequence, he called to his servant, shewed him the tainted meat, and then desired him, to get the key of the garden gate, and throw it into the Avon, which run at the bottom of the parterre—After dinner, the ladies expressing a wish to walk by the side of the river, Mr. DIMOND called for the key of the gate, and was not a little amazed to find, that the stupid fellow had mistaken his orders, and thrown the key into the stream, instead of the veal.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Many instances have occurred, when accidental neglect has been productive of serious advantage—During the last October meeting at Newmarket, the DUKE of
YORK,

YORK, and LORD BARRYMORE, were playing the game of *All-fours* for a considerable sum—the game stood thus, the DUKE was *five*, LORD BARRYMORE *eight*, consequently the former wanted *five* points, the latter only *two*—LORD BARRYMORE dealt, and the DUKE, who had taken a glass of burgundy too much, overlooked his cards, and in a very extraordinary manner begged one, which was granted, though he held the *ace*, *deuce*, and *Jack* of trumps---LORD BARRYMORE, the *King* and *trois*—The DUKE played his *deuce*, which was won by LORD B's *trois*, who then played his *king*, which the DUKE captured with his *ace*, and by that means got *all-fours*, and won the party, though the odds against the event, were as ten pounds to half a crown.—

NATURE WILL PREVAIL.

In the winter of 1781, Mr. BERNARD had a benefit at Plymouth dock—the performance was *the Chances*, and got up at the particular instance of LORD SHULDAM,

who was then Admiral of the port—During one of the most interesting scenes, a young cornish midshipman interfered, who had made one trip to the Atlantic—was clipt of a few vulgar excrescences, and had a blue uniform thrown about his person—When the *second Constantia* exclaimed,

“Now if any young fellow would take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I’d make him the best wife in the world.”—

“I will by G---d”, said the enamoured boy, “and I have two years pay to receive next Friday !”

Soon after Dr. PORTEUS, the present Bishop of London was advanced to the metropolitan see, he went to Court, where his Majesty addressed him in French, which the Prelate did not understand; he then spoke to him in Italian, with which language he was likewise not acquainted—“What my Lord,!” said the King, “don’t you understand the polite languages?”—“Oh, my Leige,” replied the Bishop, “the acquisition is not necessary, as the devil is as much mortified by a reproof in plain English, as any other dialect.”

EXTRA-

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE *of the JUDGE,*
who imprisoned HENRY the Vth, when
 PRINCE of WALES.

The story above alluded to, has sufficiently obtained the plaudits of posterity; the following Anecdote of pusillanimity in the same character, has been less attended to.

The name of the judge was *Hankford*, in his judicial capacity, as well as private life, an able and an upright man; and that for his spirited conduct in the affair of the PRINCE, he received the thanks of HENRY IV. is recorded by every Historian. Yet such were his apprehensions on the demise of that Monarch, and so unequal is human nature, that this former pattern of fortitude and firmness determined immediately to seek in death an asylum from the expected vengeance of his Successor; a resolve which in the following dastardly manner he contrived to execute—He issued the strictest order to his Park-keeper, to shoot whatever person should attempt to pass through his grounds without satisfactorily explaining his name and business;

business ; and in the middle of the subsequent night, threw himself disguised in his way, and by a total silence, incurred from the hands of his own servant the projected dissolution.—Henceforth, let no man presume to assure himself, whatever may be the present tenor of his mind, that it will enable him to act consistently and uniformly to the last.

I C S X oc Q Py U.

I see Essex occupy you.

The above was written on the chamber-door of Q. Elizabeth.

When U R married, :X: ✕✕ ee.

When you are married, expect great crosses and little ease.

Are you

Stairs

or

Are you above stairs or below.

Cfm

Dg

F m in a C.

Dg néer a C.

Effeminacy.

Degeneracy.

Potooo ooo oo.

Pot 8 o's

Potatoes.



To draw a line from each mark in the circles, without touching the circles.

Put your first finger in one and your thumb in the other, and draw the chalk up your finger and thumb.

Epitaph.

Answer to the Epitaph
Life's a jest and all things shew it.
I thought so once, but now I know it.

(124)

Epitaph.

T: I: W.

—on—

K: I: won: Tu: B: E: C.

No os T. H. G: V: oh T: I.

T. I:

We: H: S: S: G. Ni: H: T. L L.

Ad.

Nat: Se: Ja: Se: Fil.

A word of two syllables, to which add two letters, and it becomes a monosyllable.

Ague, Plague.

Two words in the English language, wherein the five vowels follow in successive order.

Abstemious—Facetious.

Words of five and seven syllables, yet no more than one vowel.

Infity

Insipidity—Vifibility—Abracadabra—
Indivifibility.

A word of five fyllables, but take away
one fyllable, and it becomes no fyllable.

Mo-nofyllable.

What is that which came into the world
without a foul, yet lived, and had a foul,
and died without a foul ?

Answer.

The Whale that swallowed Jonas, and
caft him up again in three days.

Under this ftone there lies a man, not be-
got, lived not, and died not.

Answer.

Not was his name through his whole pe-
digree

Suppofe

Suppose a man was sitting at a window, and was to fall out, what would he fall against?

Answer.

Fall against his will.

Suppose there was a Bird upon a Peach in a Garden, and you wanted that Peach, how would you get it without disturbing the bird?

Answer.

Stay till the bird was gone.

There is a foreign insect, that is of no value when alive, but after death, is very often useful in preserving the lives of human beings.

A Spanish fly.

Hell, Hull and Halifax. *All begins with*
an A.

Think of a number.

Double it.

Add 8.

Halve the whole.

Take away what you first thought on,

There remains 4.

Which is half of the 8.

Dumb Concert.

To market my Lord.

Questions and Commands.

Alphabetical toasts.

Hiding the horse.

What's my thought like.

Buzz.

I but and only you only that
Love only that thee; none one, one
None one, is love but & let be me.
That

A person to go out of the room while another hides a pin, and which he is to find out by a person playing on the violin—the nearer the pin, the higher the notes.

What was Pontius Pilate's Christian name?

He had none.

Who was the first man that scratched his own head?

Adam.

Who was the first tumbler?—*Lucifer!* who, when he was thrown and rejected from heaven, came tumbling down to the bottomless pit.

Laughing and crying-gamut.

11	15	11	10	13	4
22	S	A	T	O	R
33	5	6	7	8	9
44	A	R	E	P	O
55	1	2	3	14	12
Begin	T	E	N	E	T
77	13	8	7	6	5
88	O	P	E	R	A
99	4	9	10	11	15
100	R	O	T	A	S

By making the middle word belong
equally to the top and bottom, the words

Ten rare potatoes.

may be twice formed.

To tell an hundred before another per-
son, your adversary is not to mention more
than ten at a time; he is to begin, and
whatever number he says, you are to make
it eleven each time, for instance :

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Adversary

Adversary		Self		makes
-----------	--	------	--	-------

4	-	7	-	11
10	-	1	-	22
5	-	6	-	33
9	-	2	-	44
3	-	8	-	55
1	-	10	-	66
2	-	9	-	77
6	-	5	-	88
7	-	5	-	100

Nine times each make the hundred.
Observe, the last time, you must make it
12 instead of 11.

Han

in

Ger

Ger

Ger

Ger

Hanover in Germany.

Why is a thief, breaking through the roof
of a house, like a man of morality?

Because

Because he is above breaking into a house.

Enough for one, too much for two, and divided among three, nothing at all.

A secret.

APPROPRIATE TITLES

FOR A

BOOK OF SERMONS.

A high heeled shoe for a limping sinner.

A shove in the rump for a heavy built Christian.

Stilts of piety to ford the swamps of abomination.

A Demi-culverin in a nut shell, to blow Satan from his strong hold.

K 2

If

*Hooker & Co. for Antislavery
Literature*

He has got a place under government.

I am glad to hear it—what is it?

Clerk of the disappointments in the fudge-office.

A bargain!

If he had but a tail to his wig, no money should part us!

DRAMATIC COLLOQUY,

Or a *Good Thing* for a Comedy.

DOCTOR DOZY.

Do you know, Mr. SHORT, that the French have *taken umbrage*?

BOB SHORT.

Oh, that will do them no harm; if they have not *taken your physic*!

Said the *younger* BANNISTER to his father,
“I am very uneasy--I dreamt last night that
I was tormented with the *pediculi*, or as
the vulgar phrase it *lice*”—“The thing is
3 natural

natural enough—rejoined the facetious CHARLES—that you should dream at night, of what was running on your head all day—*Fellow me ibat in Jobn's Lane!*"

When CHARLES BANNISTER, was gud-geon fishing with Mr. WYNN, at *Wargrave*, he address'd the boatman, "are you married?"—"Yes your honour"—"don't your wife scold you?"—"No your honor, why should she?"—"Because you're out *raking* all day!"

This House to lett, enquire next door,

Thus read BANNISTER to WILSON, on the front of a dwelling, which had been apparently unoccupied for some years—"I'll make some enquiry about this", said CHARLES—"Will you be so kind to inform me Sir, what is the annual rent of that empty house?"—"Fifty pounds, besides taxes"—"Will you lett any thing with it?"—"No, why do you *ax*?"—"Because if you *let it alone*, it will tumble down."

H—A—D.

A FAC SIMILÉ.

CAPTAIN MURROUGH MACMANUS, wanted to take a lodging in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury—the apartments were shewn by a young tempting, roseate wench, about eighteen, whose cheeks were tinted

“ Like a ripe Catharine pear,
Whose side was next the sun.”

“ How much do you ask a *wake* for those same chambers, my pretty little *collogue*”, said the Captain, tapping the domestic introductress on the chin with his fore finger—“ Two guineas your honor”—“ I will pay it with all the veins in my heart, my *dare*, if you could be *let with* the lodging”——“ Then I am afraid it won’t answer your purpose, Sir, ”replied the *foubrette*, “ for I must be *let alone*!”

SINGULAR KNIPE.

Old KNIPE, an Actor of facetious memory in the Kingdom of Ireland, was engendered and brought forth at Malden, in Essex,

Essex, about the same time that, that great man BRIGHT was born, who could button seven common men in his waistcoat—When KNIPE was only sixteen years of age, he measured six feet two inches in height, and BRIGHT, at that period, notwithstanding his prodigious bulk, could walk from Tavern to Tavern, and had a peculiar pride in having KNIPE (then studying the Law), always under his arm—They were accustomed, frequently, to sup together—being both excellent companions, they found themselves equal to a room full—KNIPE said, that one night in particular, they had supped only on bread and cheese, with young onions, after which they talked themselves to sleep—KNIPE, who was dressed in green, lay with his long thin body *over the table*, while BRIGHT was snoring in his great chair—the latter waking first, and by the flavour of his taste, recollecting what he had browsed on, and being a little near sighted, seized KNIPE by the small of the back, and dipping his fine powdered head in the salt, was conveying it deliberately to his mouth—when KNIPE waking in terror,

roared out, "Zounds BRIGHT, what are you at?—It is I,—“By g--d” said BRIGHT “my dear fellow, I am glad you awoke to tell me so—I took you by the lord for one of the young scallions, and I certainly should have bit your head off, before I had found my mistake!—”

It was KNIPE's usual custom, when the Dublin Theatres were closed, to get three or four persons—that could, like himself, play six parts in every play, and visit the very small Towns, where the novelty of dramatic dishes, however coarse the bill of fare, would sometimes so far operate as provocatives, that KNIPE was enabled to set up his carriage, viz. A one horse chair, in which Mrs. KNIPE, and himself, with all their properties travelled their journies, till a Town of *no taste*, made it expedient to make a transfer of the vehicle, and send Dobbin to the marshes—It is here necessary to observe, that Mrs. KNIPE was a very *beautiful woman*, and he had as great a propensity for seeing

seeing her well dressed, as he had in feeling himself a sloven: While she moved in the travelling dress of a dutchess, KNIPE sat by her side with a long beard, a little cut wig, under which his own hair of another colour peeped out the length of three inches—a long napless great coat, that dragged at his heels, and greasy leather breeches—in this strange contradiction of habit, they stopped one night at an Inn that was full, and KNIPE could not get any of the people to wash the mire from the chaise;—at last one of the ostlers took him aside—“My darling,” said he, “you seem to be a good creature, here’s a broom, and there’s a tub, go to the well, and begin the job for me, and by J—s whatever your mistress gives I’ll share it widge you”—KNIPE resolved to humour the mistake, took the fellow by the hand, thanked him—and began to clean the carriage—presently the other joined him, and they scrubbed industriously in *concert* “oh my soul,” said the Irishman, “what a creature that mistress of your’s is—such a perfect beauty, I never saw by day or by night—Now may the Devil fire my mother’s
eldest

eldest son but I'd sooner drive her for nothing, than get a *tirteen* by driving here every day of my life"—" You really think she is pretty," said KNIPE---" to say the truth, I think she's pretty too, and what is better she's one of the best tempered souls in the world—do you know *I sleep with her some times*"—" What? rejoined Pat, in astonishment--Ah--Arrah--Poh—don't be after bothering—you sleep—yes, yes, that's a good joke---I suppose you *fell asleep sometimes in the chaise*, and so you make a story of it, why you ugly slip of a tall Mary, I've a mind to go and tell her what a pretty sort of a sarvent she has got"—" No," replied KNIPE, " don't do that, because I shall give you a good drubbing if you do—but come I'll put you out of pain—but don't mention it again, for if you do—d--n the penny you shall get in the morning—I will sleep with her to night"—" Oh, be asy, man," interrupted the incredulous ostler, " don't be putting your jokes upon a body, but get another tub of water"—" I tell you I will, added KNIPE—it was settled as we came along—so mind keep my counsel, or no money"—After this dialogue

KNIPE

KNIPE went in, and found Mrs. KNIPE had taken her coffee, and retired to bed much fatigued--he therefore went into the kitchen, and communed with some travelling farmers--The poor devil of an ostler, had not only told the servants, but his mistress, what KNIPE had declared, and consequently they were all determined to watch whether he went into the lady's chamber--When he asked to go to bed--the landlady took a candle, and shewed him into a little room adjoining that, where Mrs. KNIPE lay--"Harkee, good woman," said he, "where is my wife?" "Come, good man," said she, "none of your canary tricks, but go to bed like a christian, and in the morning I'll tell your lady a very dacent story"--KNIPE knowing his wife was in the next room, to feed the mistake sat down on the bed, and pretended to undress himself, on which the hostess left him, and he immediately went to his wife's room--where he had not been ten minutes before it was discovered, and had he not fortunately locked the door--they would have turned them both out of the house--*as it was*, the

servants

servants plagued them all night, with serenades of tongs, poker, candlesticks, and saucepans—and for two hours and a half, KNIPE and the landlady had a warm verbal contest, somewhat bordering on the indelicate, but in which so many comical things were said, that Mrs. KNIPE, has many times declared since, that she laughed more that night, than all the rest of her life put together!

KNIPE at one time, disappointed in his views, and fatigued with Theatric monarchy, enlisted himself as a subject, in the calm, and peaceful government of emperor ATKINS, who leads the Thespian troops through the north of Ireland, with great satisfaction to the territories, and much pleasure and profit to himself—In this band of social bipeds, there happened to be a Mr. TYRREL, one of KNIPE's former Heroes, when he could only say with *Gibbet*, "*my company is but thin, for there are but three of us.*"—KNIPE had so far forgot himself one night, in this new campaign, as to abuse a dress-lain out for the King, in *Harry the Fourth*—

" This

" This a drefs for a King !" roared KNIPE,
 " foh, zounds, when I had a company, I fent
 my Trumpeter about in a better habit than
 this,—I'll not wear it by all the Gods---
 Where is the Manager ? here, he has four
 dead fhares for his fcenes and cloaths, and
 lays out a drefs for a King, that would dif-
 grace Shakespear's foul fiend Flibertigibbet"
 ---" Come, come, faid TYRREL, don't affect
 the great officer Mr. KNIPE—blood and fury,
 I remember, when you was Manager, and
 had no ward-robe at all---and you had four
 dead fhares," *---" Five by G---d, added
 KNIPE, for *you was one of them.*"

* It is neceffary to inform the reader, that moft ite-
 nerant-companies, are upon the eftablifhment of fhares---
 that is, fupposing the number fixteen, the profits of each
 night are divided into twenty parts, or fhares and the remain-
 ing four, affigned to the manager, for cloaths, fcenery &c.
 The only advantage a good actor has, in fuch a fcheme,
 is the attention naturally paid to his benefit: becaufe
 mightily, Macbeth and the murderer, retire with the
 fame mafs of wealth.

A PILL for PARSIMONY.

When Mr. SHERIDAN, DOCTOR FORD, and Mr. LINLEY, commenced their government of Drury Lane Theatre, each of the gentlemen had a private box appropriated for their several families---DOCTOR FORD, being more economical than the rest, became proverbial behind the scenes for superintending the bits of candle unconsumed the preceding evening---shortly after, all the parties were standing behind the scenes at a rehearsal, when the present DUKE of NORFOLK paid them a visit, and enquiring into the state of the Theatre, Mr. SHERIDAN pointed to all the private boxes except DOCTOR FORD's, which made his GRACE enquire, "what box the Doctor had?" when CHARLES BANNISTER, who was present, instantly replied, "*the candle box*, my Lord!"---the peer and SHERIDAN laughed heartily at the repartee.

" He

"He loves his gold, too well to love himself."

When it was reported, that Mrs. JORDAN, had consented to marry one of DOCTOR FORD's sons, it became a matter of doubt, which of the gentlemen alluded to, was the happy man---the disputants referred the matter to CHARLES BANNISTER, who told them it was—HUNGER FORD!

When Fox kept the *Theatre Tavern* in Bow-Sreet, Covent Garden, Mr. LEVI, a Jew merchant, came in, in a state of hunger, and ordered two of the best mutton chops, that could be procured, to be dressed immediately—Fox, attending more to his own interest, than the letter of the Hebrew's request, gave him what his larder afforded, and that was not the best in the metropolis—The first chop was brought in, and the Jew ate and grumbled! at length, Fox appeared himself with the second, when Mr. LEVI told the rude host, "that he ought to be ashamed to send him such a stale chop as the first, which was not *fit to be seen!*"

"by

"By the holy father I thought so, replied Fox, for *you bid it* as fast as you could."—

The late Mr. PILON asked Fox, if he had a wood-cock in his larder, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, ordered it to be dressed—Fox had no woodcock, but with the utmost unconcern substituted a plover—the bird was served in, and PILON had nearly devoured it before he discovered his mistake, when he uttered in a rage, "why, zounds, Fox, this is not a woodcock!"—"I say it is," rejoined the coarse Hibernian—"come, shew me the bill," replied PILON, holding up the remnants on a fork—"Never trouble your head about that, Mr. PILON," added Fox, "that is my business, honey, do you eat the bird, and by J——s I'll find the *bill*!"

Mrs. JORDAN and her HOUSE-MAID.

The force of harmony has its desired effect, and makes the animal happy, when
the

the effort is unauthorised by the understanding—Mrs. JORDAN came home from the Theatre a few weeks since, much depressed from untoward circumstances and an ill state of health—as she sat musing in her study, her attention to her own inquietudes was arrested by the noisy hilarity of a Lancashire wench, who was scrubbing the stairs on the second landing place—eager to learn the *cause* of so much merriment, and somewhat influenced by envy, Mrs. JORDAN went to the door of her apartment, and listened to the tenor of the rude ditty, which ran thus :

“ At length in England landed,
I left the roaring main ;
Found all relations *strangled* !
And went to sea again.”

“ What are the ingredients, MASTER APOZEM ?”

“ Chalk and water.” ————— FOOTE.

The late LORD ROSS engaged an apothecary, in Oxford-Street, to attend three

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L

of

of his servants who were dangerously ill, and went to Ireland without discharging the account—In about two years after this event, he returned to London, and was traced by the apothecary, who knew his carriage, and stopt him in Bond-Street—LORD ROSS enquired for the bill, which the understrapper of Esculapius presented in at the window with a receipt—The sum total was sixteen pounds ten shillings and six-pence, which the nobleman thinking an exorbitant charge, pulled out his purse, gave the pharmacopolist half a guinea, and then ordered his coachman to drive on ; but not before the enraged apothecary had surveyed the limited recompence with surprise, and exclaimed, in the hearing of the mob, “ Ah, you Irish bite, I have got six and three-pence by you now !”

“ Give a sprat to catch a salmon.”

About twelve years ago, Mr. VIKERY, and his *fragrant bear's grease*, made no inconsiderable noise in the metropolis—when I
was

was editor of a certain morning paper, he came to the office on a Friday evening, to have his advertisement inserted in the print of the succeeding day—It is customary, when the compositors are deranged by such requests being made at such an unusual hour, to reward them with some *douceur*—VIKERY, being distrustful, remained in the office until he saw his desires fulfilled, and then shabbily quitted the men, without even thanking them for their extraordinary efforts to oblige him—However, in this instance at least, the dealer in fat was unwise, for he had scarce left the place before they inserted an L instead of an R, in the second word, and it ran as follows :

VIKERY'S FLAGRANT BEAR'S GREASE.

As this seemed like the casual admittance of light into the dark caves of imposition, the world laughed—and the butcher of bears hung his head in dismay !

LEE LEWES.

On the benefit night of this performer, the King happened to bespeak a play—

L 2

He

He remonstrated with Mr. COLMAN, then manager, on the injustice of his night being put off on that account—Mr. COLMAN, though naturally liberal, treated him on the occasion rather cavalierly, and asked him with a sneering laugh, what he would have him do? “should he send to the King, and desire him not to come, because it was LEE LEWES’s night?” “No, Sir,” said LEE LEWES very spiritedly, “but I shall expect the receipt of the house on that night”—COLMAN turned round on his heel and requested the whole Green Room would witness Mr. LEE LEWES’s modesty—“Sir,” said LEE LEWES, “you forget you made the same request to Mr. GARRICK, when his Majesty commanded a play on your benefit night, for the farce of the *Deuce is in Him*; you then persisted in the equity of your demand, and Mr. GARRICK submitted to it.”—This so posed COLMAN, that he exclaimed, “young man, you are a child grown strong by the milk you have sucked, and you now wish to turn upon your nurse.” At this moment, SHUTER, who was present, interfered and said, “Come, Sir, LEE LEWES is injured,

jured, and where the pincers tear, the blood will follow."

When HANDEL was in the zenith of his glory, he endured many inconveniences from the insolence of power.

Lord DELAWAR solicited the late King to countenance an Oratorio several confederated Noblemen had established in opposition to HANDEL ; but the good old King advised the peer to compromise their differences, saying, " your association, my lord, is like a great army without a general ; and poor HANDEL is a great general without an army.

In the summer of 1786, as Mrs. HITCHCOCK's servant maid, of Crow-street Theatre, Dublin, was following her mistress on a car to Cork, where she had gone a few days before, to join Mr. DALY's company, she was surrounded by three ruffians, on a

mountain between Clonmel and Cork, who brutally ravished the poor creature—when she arrived at the Theatre, the despoiled wench ran immeiadtely to her mistress behind the scenes, and told the dismal tale—at the conclusion of the story, Mrs. HITCHCOCK, who was then dressed for the *Queen in Hamlet*, bridling up her head, exclaimed with much solemnity, in the language of Shakespear, “aye, it had been so with us, had we been there!”

Mr. FARREN, father to Miss FARREN, of Drury Lane Theatre, about Twenty years ago, was an actor in SHEPHERD’S Company, in the interior parts of Ireland, Mr. FARREN was remarkable for his gentlemanlike manners, and Mr. SHEPHERD for his brutality—Mr. FARREN being very ill treated by the manager, retired to his apartment and wrote on the window of a house in the town of *Sligo*, the following lines :

How different was DAVID’S fate and mine,
His destiny was good, but mine is evil ;
His Shepherd was the Lord divine,
My SHEPHERD, is the devil.

at

At an auction of books at Leyden, a certain gentleman came in, and not knowing what article they were upon, asked the question to one who stood by him—"Sir, said the other, at present they are selling *Flaccus Illiricus* KEY, to the Holy Scriptures." He asked him farther, "If his *Key* was there, who made the *Lock*?" "I can't say that," replied the other—"Then" rejoined the eccentric "I bid nothing."

"Bring new defended faith, 'gainst faith unknown,
Weary the soul with contrarieties,
Till all religion become retrograde,
And this fair type the mask of sin be made."

Vide *Religio medici*.

Thus Cunæus speaks in his Satire, *sardi vanales*—He that does not send some performances to the German fairs, twice in the year, thinks his reputation lost in the republic of letters; from whence it happens, that we have more books now in one day, than a shower of rain produces mushroom's.

L 4

Mr.

Mr. WHITELEY, when at Stamford with his Company, deputed one of his people, not engaged in the first performance, to receive the money at the pit door, but receiving some hints which conveyed no exalted idea of the receiver's honor, Mr. WHITELEY watched his motions, and discovered him in the act of secreting some money.—Mr. WHITELEY's motions were instantaneous—he seized his delegate by the collar, and said, “Why I say, my dear, you are sinking it nicely—it's very pleasant, but wrong—you'll come along with me, my dear”—To be short, the manager dragged him, *willy nilly*, to the Green Room, and presenting the defaulter to his Company, uttered, “Here, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the thief—I found him at it—up to his elbows in a robbery—down upon the event. Come, Ladies and Gentlemen—you must have a kick a-piece, and I'll take four for the dead shares.”—

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

- “Lo! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,
 “Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood;
 “There—such the taste of this degen'rate age,
 “Stand the profane delusions of the stage.”

The

The fashion of people of rank performing plays at their own houses, was never at so high a pitch as in the present age, but had a much earlier origin. MILTON wrote the Masque of *Comus* with the avowed intention of its being performed by the family of the EARL of BRIDGWATER, then president of Wales. It was performed the first time on Michaelmas day, 1634, at Ludlow castle; and tradition tells us that the scene was so contrived as to terminate in a real view of the river Severn, and a wood (which still remains) on the bank opposite the castle, which on this occasion was illuminated, and must have had a most picturesque effect. The wood being remarkable for reverberating a very fine echo, gave occasion to the introduction of that beautiful song, which has been so often *re-echoed* in a London Theatre; but how superior must have been the effect!

“ By flow Meander’s margent green,

“ And in the violet-embroider’d vale,

“ Where the love-lorn nightingale

“ Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well.”

The

The principal performers were the LORD BRACKLEY, Mr. THOMAS EGERTON, and the LADY ALICE EGERTON. The original music was composed by Mr. HENRY LAWES, who played the Attendant Spirit, but has since been discarded, and that of Dr. ARNE substituted in its place.

The most rigid must acknowledge that *some good* results from this species of entertainment; it is fraught with less danger than the dice-box; and if considered with a reference to eloquence, if it only gives a good emphasis, and improves the *speaking* of those who are to be our Senators, it is something, for it prepares them for more important scenes. In some cases this passion for *private acting* has conjured up such a *theatrical spirit*, as no time has been able to lay. This was particularly the case with Mr. ROBERT WILKES, who was of a very respectable family in Ireland, and on the accession of William the Third, enjoyed a very lucrative place in the Custom-house at Dublin. Upon the success of their Hero at the Battle of the Boyne, the people of
Dublin,

Dublin, among their other demonstrations of joy, determined to have a play; but the war having dispersed the actors, a number of gentlemen hired the Theatre, and determined to perform it as well as they could, and admit any respectable people gratis.—Mr. WILKES was easily prevailed upon to personate the Colonel in the Spanish Friar; and the applause he received, acted so powerfully upon his mind, that he determined to commence player, and accordingly gave up his situation in the Customs to a friend, which friend, in the situation which had been Mr. WILKES's, realized a fortune of FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS, while Mr. WILKES, by strong interest, added to his theatrical talents, got engaged by Mr. BETTERTON, then manager of the English Stage, at *the enormous salary of* FIFTEEN SHILLINGS a week. This sum, upon his marriage with a lady of good family, he found inadequate to his expences, and returned to Dublin, where Mr. ASHBURY engaged him at sixty pounds a year, and a clear benefit; a greater salary than any performer at that time had.—Upon the death
of

of MOUNTFORD, he returned to England, and was engaged at a salary equal to that of Mr. BETTERTON himself;—and that salary was FOUR POUNDS a week. Such was the contrast between an officer in the Customs at Dublin, and the most eminent performer of his day in a London Theatre, in the reign of William the Third.

ANECDOTES OF THE KEMBLE.

The great uncle of the present Mr. JOHN KEMBLE, was a Roman priest in the reign of CHARLES the First, at Hereford, and was there tried and hanged—The place where the execution was, is now the race ground, and was then called *Wide Marsh*—His hand was cut off, and is now at Mr. FREEMAN's, a respectable Roman Catholic, within two miles of the town, and is even in these enlightened days employed by the superstitious to touch wens, sores, &c. under the insane hope, that it possesses supernatural virtues!

ROGER

ROGER KEMBLE, the father of JOHN, who was a very bad Actor, married the daughter of one WARD, the manager of a strolling company---The match was against WARD's consent, who pleasantly said, he had a strong inclination to forgive her, as she had kept her promise with her father in one respect at least---and that was, never to marry an Actor!

There are two uncles now at Hereford, in sublime distress---unhappily they are both blind---one is in the poor house---the other is an old soldier, formerly a Serjeant in the Buffs, and exists on the pension from Chelsea College---Perhaps it is not generally known that blindness is an infirmity peculiar to the family; but I would not be understood as meaning blindness to their particular interests---Mrs. SIDDONS took snuff originally on that account, and by physical advice---neither of the uncles have heard any thing from either her, or her brother, since their elevation in society---The old soldier, after many years absence from

from England, met ROGER working at his trade (a barber) at Barnet, and gave him a shirt; the next place where he saw him was at Rochester, in Kent, where he was then recruiting---ROGER was still at his original profession, and hailed the worn soldier with " Brother, I am glad to see you; I have got two shirts to my back now." From thence ROGER went to *Deal*, and commenced Actor---mouthed at propriety---wedded MISS WARD, and gave origin to the sepulchral despots of the *British Stage*.

An Instance of HUMAN WEAKNESS.

In the winter of seventy-six, the late Dr. GOLDSMITH ordered a coach from Covent-Garden Piazza to the Devil Tavern, at Temple-Bar, at which place a weekly club was then held by the Literati of the day. When the Doctor was set down, he had a guinea and a shilling in his pocket, and being rather an absent character, he gave the coachman the guinea instead of the shilling. The Doctor repaired to the club-room---the coachman drove away. Being

called upon for a subscription, the Doctor threw his shilling upon the table, which he had imagined was a guinea;—he soon perceived the mistake, and told the circumstance to the club.—The company laughed, and the Doctor, in a violent rage, rushed out of the room to seek the coachman, but in vain.—In the following week, when the club was full, and the Doctor enjoying his bottle, the waiter brought him word that a hackney-coachman wanted to speak to him.---After receiving some sarcastic advice from his friends, to be cautious of his commerce with coachmen, he went down stairs, and was astonished to find it was the same individual who had drove him the preceding week.---“ I have brought your guinea back,” said the coachman; “ I know your honour made a mistake;---now some scoundrels would have pocketed the money, and have said nothing at all about the matter; but that’s not my way, your honour; I thank God, if so be I’m poor, I’m honest; it wears well, as a body may say.”---“ My dear friend,” exclaimed the Doctor, “ I honour and admire your principle; you will please

please to wait here a few minutes;" upon which the Doctor marched up stairs, and told the story with all those rapturous blandishments which a poetic mind, on such an occasion, will beget in a good heart.---He finally urged them to a subscription, as a proper reward for singular honesty in the lower ranks of life.—It was generously complied with, to the amount of fifty shillings.—The good, but credulous man, ran with the collection to the vulgar descendant of Phaeton—poured it into his hat—and after affectionately embracing and blessing him, was returning up stairs to his convivial friends, with that enviable and sublime satisfaction which every man feels after the commission of a good deed; he entered the room in triumph—his friends welcomed him with a peal of laughter; alas, it was at the Doctor's expence?—the guinea which the rascal had pretended to return, was a—
COUNTERFEIT!

A DRAMATIC EMBARRASSMENT.

In the year 1776, when Mr. JOHNSTONE, now of Covent-Garden Theatre, was a
member

member of the Crow-Street Company in Dublin ; a whimsical event happened, during the performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*, in which he enacted *Balthazar*—Not being then so much laden with cash as is necessary for a man's felicity, he had contracted a debt of ten shillings and a penny with one JEMMY, who kept a tennis court in Dame-Street, and who was continually teizing JOHNSTONE for the amount of his demand—The applications not being satisfactory to JEMMY, he was determined to ask him for it that evening in public, while JOHNSTONE sung in *Balthazar*—The time arrived, and my friend began to chaunt—" *Sigh no more, Ladies,*" and went on uninterrupted, until he came to " *high down, high down, high down derry*"—when JEMMY leaning over the front of the two shilling gallery, began thus, to the same tune—*Jacky Johnstone, Jacky Johnstone oh, you owe me, you owe me, you owe me ten and a penny.*—This odd incident created general amazement—the money was immediately conveyed to JEMMY, the

general laugh subsided, and things returned to their proper channel.

A TUNE OUT OF TIME.

In the late war, a stuttering fellow, who was an excellent seaman, and fond of singing, served on board a fifty-gun ship—During his watch in the night, he perceived a smoke issuing from the fore-castle, and ran down to the Captain in a fright—When he came to the cabbin, his perturbation made his imperfection worse, and after many trials, he could articulate nothing more than “ your Hon-on-on-on-on-or—the fore-fore-fore-fore”—Here the Captain burst in a rage thus—“ D—n you, you scoundrel, if you can’t speak, you can sing to my knowledge ;” on which the tar began immediately to set the threatening calamity to an old tune, familiar to his organs.—

“ The fore-castle is all on fire—tol, lol, de rol, lol, de lido”—On which the Captain leapt from his bed in his shirt—found the information true, and luckily prevented farther damage.

HER-

HERCULES LANGFIELD ROWLEY, and his

Bon Mot.

When the penal laws were rescinded in Ireland, about ten years since, relative to the Roman Catholics, it was generally expected in that hour of national liberality, that similar indulgencies would be granted to the Presbyterians—In consequence they applied to Mr. ROWLEY, member for the county of Meath, and one of the most respectable men in the kingdom, to make the motion explanatory of their common desire—The day was appointed and the senate met, but instead of proceeding immediately to the grand point of debate, the time of the assembly was taken up by a diminutive member, who was haranguing the commons in favor of Mrs. CRAWFORD, the actress, who was at that period apprehensive that the elder Mr. COLMAN would establish a Theatre in Dublin, to the material prejudice of her interests—The senate listened with attention for two hours, but finding from the prolixity of the lady's advocate, that the trifling affair was not likely to be

soon concluded, they became soured, and indirectly called upon Mr. ROWLEY to begin, who instantly rose with much gravity, and exclaimed with *Bayes* in the Rehearsal—

Mr. Speaker,

“ To serious business we’ll advance,

“ But first let’s have a dance !”

AN INSTANCE OF FELLOW FEELING.

When EDWIN and WALDRON were travelling to Manchester, in the early part of their lives, in a return post-chaise, on a road flanked on each side with a deep ditch, the carriage, by the inattention of the driver, was overset, and the comedians tumbled upon each other---WALDRON was undermost, and EDWIN, in scrambling to get through the chaise door, made a footstool of WALDRON’s leg, which pained him so much, that he could not refrain from roaring “ D---n it, EDWIN, remove your foot, or you’ll *break my leg!*”---“ I can’t,” rejoined EDWIN, “ for if I do I shall *break the glass!*”

Pray

Pray have you seen our cousin MARTHA
since her return from London ?

Yes !---

How does she look ?

Oh, vastly well, like a *hapurib* of soap
after a hard week's washing !---

After that I'm easy !

AN APOLOGY for PUNS.

I am told that the CHANCELLOR struck
the table so violently the other day in
council, that he split it !

Why, he certainly is a man of great power,
and if he can't split a table, I'm sure he can
divide the board !

What's his name ?

I don't know !

Where does he live ?

To the best of my knowledge I can't
tell !

A finish.

Why is the PRINCE of WALES like Purity?
Because he is seldom disguised!—

What with liquor, you mean?—

The allusion was not to his *head*, but his
heart!

As merry as nine beef steaks!

Bon Mot of JOHN WILKES.

On the King's birth day in 1790, LORD
~~_____~~, from an unprofitable desire to
be very conspicuous, displayed two superb
carriages—"Whose coaches are those?"
questioned a lady. "The two sheriffs of
Sodom and Gomorrah," answered WILKES,
"who are going up with an address."

Another.

At the decease of Mr. PICKET's mayoralty,
the present Mayor and his predecessor sat in
the same carriage opposite each other, when
a person remarked, "that Mr. PICKET
looked remarkably pale, and the Mayor
elect uncommonly high coloured."—
"Silver plate, and copper plate," replied
the oblique chamberlain.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAMMATIC MORCEAUS,

by A. P.

An IMPROMPTU, at the *Angel Inn*, at
Oxford, in January 1789.

I ask, but get not *salt* or *fire*,

Said PAUL, in phrase emphatic!

Should that amaze, quoth DICK to PAUL,

When here they both are *attic*?

A VERBAL EFFUSION, at the conclusion of
Mrs. INCHBALD's play of *I'll tell you what*

This Lady most servilely copies the college ;

She professes to teach, but we're left without know-
ledge.

An IMPROMPTU on seeing Mrs. INCH-
BALD's Comedy of *Such Things are*,

That such things are, I must allow ;

But such things never were—till now.

The BROWN JUGS of BATH;

A FAMILIAR COLLOQUY—EXTEMPORANEOUS.

“ ’Tis true, ’tis pity, and pity it is ’tis true.”

CURIOSITY.

Come, come, prithee, Anthony, instantly tell,
Who the deuce these JUGS are, give some token?

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

The *eldest* came *reeling half-fill’d* from the well,
Where the others by SCANDAL lie—*broken!*

AN APOLOGY,

For all modern writers of their own lives.

When their moral escutcheon’s been stain’d by a blot!
They envelope *what is*, and indite—*what is not.*

AN

A N

EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY

F O R

E D M U N D B U R K E,

Whose booksellers published the *second edition* of his *pamphlet*, before the *first* was issued,

JOHN BULL.

Had a spinster done thus, I most surely had whipt
her;

With contempt I am ready to burst !

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Be calm, honest JOHN, EDMUND follows the
scripture !

Which avows that—the *last* shall be *first*.

BURKE'S

BURKE'S PAMPHLET.

Another

EPIGRAMMATIC APOLOGY,

*For the evident Tergiversation of political
principle in a certain Character, and his
sudden adoration of the trappings of
Royalty.*

When his governing jerkin was tatter'd and torn,

And MUN saw that Ridicule spurn'd it :

To HIDE from keen Scorn what was worthless and
worn,

In the face of creation he TURN'D* it !!!

* To those hyper-critics who may snarl at the idea of a
man's turning his coat in the face of the world, by the way
of hiding it, I have only to remark, that the Right Honour-
able gentleman is a native of Catherlough in Ireland,

A CALM

*A CALM EFFUSION,**

On the implacable, bitter, anti-christian,
 never to be forgiven, never to be ended
 controversy, between Doctors WHITE and
 GABRIEL, relative to the publication of
 some Sermons tending to elucidate the
 Holy Mission of the Messiah.

'Tis strange such rancour should exist
 'Twixt Doctors WHITE and GABY ;
 Lo, each has clenched his hallow'd fist,
 To shew what neither may be.

While GABY redd'ning dares his foe,
 Like Cæsar yclept imperial :
 WHITE turns his breech on BADCOCK's shade,
 To grasp the coin material,

Ah, Jesu, thus these brawling priests,
 Of Meekness make a jest ;
 For each would cut the other's throat,
 To prove—he knows THEE best.

* In consequence of this epigrammatic trifle, the
 furious priests became ashamed of the business, and re-
 linquished the improper contest.

Sweet

Sweet Faith! extend thy blest domain,
When men like them beseech us :
Illume not dolts like us alone,
But brighten those who—teach us.

EXTEMPORANEOUS.

*To the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS on their late
unprofitable disputes, which have eventually
forced Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS from the
Presidential Chair.*

To you, like * TORSO, ruthless Fate
Has been in act unkind :
From both he stole away the *head*,
But left the *breech* behind.

* A famous mutilated statue,

From

From the French.

THE POINT SETTLED.

On hearing some aristocratic plebeians
quarrelling upon the sudden elevation
of MONSIEUR MIRABEAU.

Why make 'bout Mirabeau this fuss ?

Why move your bile or phlegm ?

He yesterday was one of *us*,

And now he's one of *them* !

THE RETORT COURTEOUS,

Written on a card in a large company, and
sent to a beautiful young lady, who had a
few minutes before enquired, why *diamonds*
had so recently fallen thirty per
cent. in value.

Sweet BELL, let your doubts at this circumstance cease,

As it should not awake your surprize :

If you wish that their worth, should not farther decrease,

Eternally veil both your eyes.

“ To

“ To be mad and to seem so are distinct situations.”—

The MARQUIS of DOWNSHIRE, with some other gentlemen, went to Bedlam Hospital to see and converse with the wretched beings, who are intellectually overthrown—In examining the understanding of an Irish physician, who had been deranged by the complex pressure of metaphysic curiosity, he found that his person was recognized by the drug-consuming lunatic—In consequence, the MARQUIS enquired with some solicitude into his affairs, and, among other questions, asked the son of Hippocrates if he was married—this idea threw the maniac into an excessive fit of laughter, the end of which, produced this odd exclamation—“ No, my Lord, I am not—it is true that I am mad, but never was mad enough for that.”

“ *Prenez garde, mon ami.*”

Mr. BOWDEN, late of Covent Garden Theatre, was remarkable for the immensity of his nose—when he lived with his father, who kept a public house at Manchester, a Cambrian ecclesiastic sojourned there for a few days, and being somewhat unhappy in the article of drapery, his suit of fables being nearly worn to a russet hue, and his phiz exhibiting but few points of captivation; the young vender of ale was resolved to have some diversion at the poor minister’s expence, and thus accosted him over his jug and mundungus—

You call yourself a clergyman, I suppose?

I do!—

What was Noah’s wife?

A woman!

I am told, all you Welch parsons can play well on the fiddle?

For my part, young man, I can upon proper occasions play a tune very discordant to a blockhead’s ears!—

You

You are a queer fellow—pray, where was you educated?

At *Brazen Nose*, said the divine pastor of Glamorgan, seizing BOWDEN by the *proboscis*, which in the paroxysm of rage he griped so hard, that the insolent varlet roared like a bull in the toils.

A Bon Mot.

By POPE'S COMMENTATOR !

The late BISHOP of GLOUCESTER, when DOCTOR WARBURTON, was on a visit at a friend's house in Worcestershire, when LORD LYTTLETON (the author of the Life of Henry the Second) passed the window on a visit to Mr. DOWDESWELL—"There is a man," said WARBURTON to his friend, "who does not know that two and two make four, going to another who knows nothing else."

"Envy, Hatred, and all Uncharitableness."

When the *School for Scandal* was performing at Drury Lane Theatre with an
un-

uncommon applause the first season, CUMBERLAND sat in the stage-box, and was observed never to smile at any of the good things which the author has put into the mouths of the scenic personages—When the comedy was concluded, he improperly remarked he was much surprised, that the audience should laugh so immoderately at what could not make him smile—As there are social traitors in all circles, this sarcasm was conveyed to SHERIDAN, who very coolly observed, that CUMBERLAND was truly ungrateful, for not smiling at the comedy in question, as he had seen a tragedy of CUMBERLAND's at Covent Garden Theatre, but a fortnight before, and had laughed from the beginning to the end!

INK MAKING.

The phrase of ink-making, so common among the *editorian literati*, originated as follows:

Mr. CHARLES STUART, author of the musical farce of *Gretna Green*, met a CAP-

N

TAIN

CAPTAIN ROBERTS in Ireland, who had acquired 900*l.* in America—As the legal interest of this money was insufficient for his support, he consented to engage in a scheme with **Mr. STUART** to make ink upon a superior plan—**Mr. ROBERTS** requiring a collateral security from **Mr. STUART**, he willingly gave him a *post obit* upon all the dramatic works he should produce for seven years—The condition was accepted with avidity—the matter prosecuted, and **CAPTAIN ROBERTS** found himself, at the death of eighteen months, somewhat eased of the cause of care—When any of **Mr. STUART's** friends now meet him gaily caparisoned, and enquire where he has been, the reply is thus modelled :

“**INK MAKING.**”

DELICATE DISTRESS.

Mr. DEPUTY ——— had dined with the Cordwainers Company, on the ninth of November, 1790, and came home to his lady very ill with an asthma—She, good woman,

woman, sent instantly for Doctor L———
 and the Doctor came—"I am sorry, Mr
 DEPUTY, to understand, that you are
 suddenly afflicted with a coagulation in the
 lungs--Let me feel your pulse--Aye, in a high
 fever, as I apprehended--Shew me your
 tongue ; Aye, as white as a curd--Open your
 mouth wider, Mr. DEPUTY--wider still--
 Good heavens ! what do I see here ?" " Oh,
 my stars !" bellowed the DEPUTY'S LADY,
 " What do you see ? tell me, dear Doctor,
 tell me, or I shall die !"—" Why, madam,
 I see a leg of a turkey, and oyster sauce !
Omnes, ha, ha, ha.

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH

and

WILLIAM WOODFALL.

" You cannot make a silk purse of a sow's ear.

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH and Mr. WOOD-
 FALL formerly associated at the Globe Ta-

N 2

very

vern, in Fleet-street, with some reputable persons of the neighbourhood—among them was a wealthy man named PARKER, who was in the habit of selling cheese in Shoe-lane—When GOLDSMITH was in company with the illiterate, he constantly assumed a haughtiness of mien, which he intended should create sensations of prodigious awe—However, Mr. PARKER was a vulgar being, and thought a poet at best was but a man, and if he could not pay his way, somewhat less.—One evening, when GOLDSMITH was uncommonly grand, the vender of cheese drank the Doctor's health, thus, "GOULDSMITH, your health."—"GOULDSMITH, your health," muttered the DOCTOR to Mr. WOODFALL, who sat at his elbow, "this is mighty strange and presuming conduct, but I will shew him his duty." Here the DOCTOR rose majestically from his chair, and after adjusting his wig, took his glass and uttered thus, solemnly and audibly: "Mr. PARKER, Sir—Mr. PARKER, Sir, I say, I have the honour, Sir, to drink your very good health."—Every syllable was heard, but not completely understood—The
maggot-

maggot-monger took his pipe from his ne-
ther lip, and replied with the utmost non-
chalance, "Thankee, GOULDSMITH, thankee."

Mr. GARRICK and Mr. HOTCHKIN.

The following *jeu d'esprit*, from the pen
of Mr. GARRICK, was some years since sent
to Mr. HOTCHKIN. The lines were writ-
ten at a time when Mr. GARRICK was in-
volved in a law suit with a Mr. L——
respecting the possession of a house at Hamp-
ton; the issue of the contest, if I remem-
ber right, was in conformity to the Poet's
prayer—

DAVID GARRICK to Mr. HOTCHKIN,

his Counsellor and friend.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The possession, I mean, of the house in dispute;
Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
And the worst of his tribe—tho' the best are so fo.

In law, as in life, I well know 'tis a rule,
 That the knave should be ever too hard for the fool :
 To this rule one exception your client implores,
 That the fool may for once kick the knave out of
 doors.

Mr. O N S L O W.

*These were JEKYLL'S Lines to TOM ONSLOW,
 on his late accident, and not those inserted
 in some of the news-papers.*

Dear TOM, how's your collar ? In story we're told,
 That the cranes were at war with the pigmies of old ;
 But I thought that our pigmies to-day had more brains,
 Than to wage any war with such folks as the Cranes !

N. B. : This would not have been worthy an insertion, if it had not been written by a legislator.

A singular circumstance lately took place
 at Tralee, an excise town in Ireland. The
 judge

judge was passing sentence in the usual form on one MACARTHEY, a noted sheep-stealer—
 “ You are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead—and *the Lord have mercy on your soul* ;” the culprit immediately rejoined—
 —“ Oh, my lord, you may save yourself any farther trouble, for by J——, I never knew any one to *thrive* after *your prayers*.”

AN ANACHRONISM.

JANE SHORE, notwithstanding Rowe's fictitious drama, lived forty years after that epoch, if Sir T. MORE is to be believed, who saw her then gathering herbs in the fields about town for her support! *neglected and unpitied!*

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

“ If thou hast never been at court, shepherd, thou never saw'st good manners.

Lord S——— was sitting in the front
 N 4 boxes

boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, very shabbily dressed, during the first act of a play—a gentleman, wishing to accommodate a lady, and believing him a servant, asked the Munster peer, rather authoritatively, “who he kept the places for?”—The knight of Saint Patrick turning slowly round, and looking contemptuously, bellowed out—
 “my ———!!!”

I assure you young man, I have many doubts of your wisdom, but none of your impudence.

A set down!

ORIGIN of JOHN AUDLEY.

When Theatric performers intend to abridge an act or play, they are accustomed to say we will JOHN AUDLEY it—It originated thus—In the year 1749, SHUTER was
 master

master of a droll at Bartholomew fair, in West Smithfield, and it was his mode to lengthen the exhibition, until a sufficient number of persons were gathered at the door to fill the house—This event was signified, by a fellow popping his head in at the gallery door, and bellowing out JOHN AUDLEY ! as if in an act of enquiry, though the intention was to let SHUTER know, that a fresh audience were in high expectation below—The consequence of this notification was, that the entertainments were instantly concluded, and the gates of the booth thrown open for a new auditory.

It is remarkable, that all the Kings of England who have espoused Princesses of France, have been hated by their subjects and come to an unfortunate end,

For example—

Edward II.—murdered in prison.

Richard II.—murdered in prison.

Henry VI.—murdered in prison.

Charles I.—publicly executed on a scaffold.

A Town Cryer delivered the following Notice.

" Last night, between the hours of ten and twelve, was lost, a black dog, all over white spots.—Whoever will bring him to the Cryer, shall have half a guinea Reward. God save the King.—I forgot to tell you he has lost his collar!"

The next day, a person meeting the same fellow, asked him, " Why he did not cry?" " I can't," said he, " my wife's dead."

The ESSENCE of NEWS-PAPERS.

Wanted a house-keeper. She must be a tight notable woman, between 30 and 40, for a middle-aged gentleman between 20 and 100. She must understand making *pye crust* and *preserving*; and must turn her hand to any thing in a decent way.

Yesterday as some prisoners were conveying from New-prison, Clerkenwell, to the Old Bailey, they stopped to drink in St. John's Lane— A gentleman asking what were their offences? one of the culprits, with great archness, told him, " he was only charged

charged with picking a washerwoman's pocket of a pail of soap fuds !"

On Saturday night last, a gentlewoman's husband strayed from Drury Lane Theatre; if the lady who was seen to take him up will restore him, she will be asked no questions, he being of no use but to the owner.

Died, in the 89th year of his age, at Bromley, in Kent, Thomas Letts, who was born at Croydon, in Surry, by trade a Shoemaker; and what is very extraordinary, though a master, in the course of so many years of industry and sobriety, he never was worth five pounds, nor was he ever in want. To his *last* he continued to make both *ends* meet, and peaceably resigned his *all* when the *thread* of life was *waxed* out.

One Mr. WILKINSON said to Mr. JENKINSON, "Did you hear that, Mr. SIMKINS,

the bankrupt, had drowned himself?"—
 "Well," said Mr. JENKINSON, "I am not at
 all surprized at that"—"No, why?"—"Why,
 you know he has not been able, for some
 time, *to keep his head above water!*"

A neat jest.

Bon Mot of the PRINCE of WALES.

At the last masquerade at the Hay,
 Market Theatre, the PRINCE, and a party
 of his friends, were supping in a private
 room, appertaining to the Theatre, when
 COLONEL ST. LEGER observed, there was
 a very unfavoury effluvia—"Are you sur-
 prized at that," said the PRINCE, "are
 we not in a *little house!*"

I do not know whether the PRINCE *says*
 as many *good things* as some other men, *but*
I am certain he *does* as many.

"Laughing is catching."

A fat ecclesiastic, and his spiritual under-
 strapper, vulgarly ycleped a clerk, were
 discoursing

discourfing over a jug of brown nappy, in Leicefterfhire, upon the ftate of their amours in the parifh—Each being obftinate as to his fuperior addrefs and fuccefs among the ladies, it was finally agreed upon by both parties, to settle the point in difpute on the approaching Sunday, when they were to take their official ftations much earlier than ufual, in order to afcertain, by figns, as the ladies came into the church, thofe they had kifed.—

When the VICAR's favorites came, he was to lean over the pulpit and cry *quod*—

When the CLERK's favorites came, he was to look up at the VICAR, and cry *quid*—

This material point being adjusted, the day came, and the firft who entered was the 'SQUIRE's lady—Here the VICAR obeyed the obligation—leaned over the pulpit, and cried---*quod*!

Next came flaunting in all her airs, the haberdafher's rib from the next] market Town---

The VICAR bellowed again---*quod*!

To

To her, succeeded the fat colleague of a rich farmer---

The VICAR once more exercised his lungs, and roared---*quod!*

After her came a tallow-chandler's lady, from the town alluded to.

The VICAR, again triumphant, ejaculated---*quod!*

Now came the VICAR's wife, who was considered by all her neighbours as the eldest daughter of purity.---

Here the CLERK, turning up his eyes sarcastically towards the VICAR, pronounced audibly---*quid!*

"It cannot be," whispered the astonished VICAR.--- "A true bill, upon my salvation," rejoined the CLERK, "and I dare say, you think my *quid* was worth all your *quods!*"

ISAAC SPARKS.

When old ISAAC SPARKS was Lord Chief Justice Joker of Ireland—so much
5 was

was he sought after, that he seldom reached his lodgings till four or five in the morning—at which hour, an honest North Briton, who had the apartments over ISAAC'S head, generally rose to practise on the violin, and Somnus, being an avowed enemy to all discordant sounds, but those from his own trumpet, the *nose*, generally fled the scene, and left poor ISAAC listening to the screeching catgut—The big joker feeling his rest disturbed, was determined to do or say something that should drive the Phœbus of Caledonia out of the house; and as the same spider-brusher attended *both*, he seized the first opportunity to stop the girl to know her business—"Arrah, Mr. SPARKS, d'y'fee, I am going for something to do MASTER MACSLOUGHLIN'S fiddle; but may the devil break the neck of your friend KATTY, if I hav'n't lost the name of it—" Oh, cried the wag—I suppose you are going for some rose-in (giving it the Scotch dialect) "*Och*, by the hand of my body, rejoined the nymph without shoes, but you are right"—"Poh, replied Momus, that fellow is always endeavouring to shew his scholar-

scholarship; that is Latin, child, and the devil a shopkeeper in the Street would understand it. I'll write it down for you in plain English"—"Arrah, do Mr. SPARKS, bless your sweet face, *and I'll take it kindly*"—The facetious ISAAC immediately wrote on a card—" *Let the bearer have a pennyworth of stick brimstone.*"—The mandate was obeyed, and the red-limbed wench returned incontinently to Mr. MAC-SLOUGHLIN—Upon presenting the yellow remedy, SAWNEY started in amazement, and exclaimed, "Dom your faul, ye bectch, what have you brought me here"—"Oh, bodderation!" cried the *strap* of Ierne, "there's no such a thing as plasing you by night or by day. I'm sure 'tis the thing you want, for Master SPARKS (long life to him) wrote it down for me in black and white"—" *Did he!*" cried the scarlet-faced cousin of Orpheus, "then by Saint Ondrew, Mr. SPARKS, ye shall answer it"—the reddening minstrel descended instantaneously, and found SPARKS—"Sir, said he, ye mun desprove what this cheeld has been telling; I sentt her for *rose-in* for my feedle,

feedle, and ye *we your ane bond ordered brimstone*”---“ I did,” said SPARKS, with the utmost indifference, “ and I always thought brimstone the best rosin in the world for a Scotch fiddle.”—

“ What’s bred in the bone.”

HALL, the original *Lockit* in the *Beggars Opera*, had been brought up to the profession of a butcher, and was reckoned to cut up as well as any one in the market ; but being struck with an actor’s life, he quitted the slaughter-house for the stage, where he continued a long time butchering the works of our best dramatic poets. For fear of the bailiffs, he was forced to live in the Theatre, and had art to elude every effort, but the following :---The bailiff disguised himself in the dress of a butcher, and had some oxen drove to the stage-door (where HALL was peeping out) and then made his appearance, and began to handle the beasts, as if he meant to purchase, but doing it in an awkward manner on purpose, HALL, who was quite absorbed

in his former profession, and provoked to see the seeming butcher do his business so clumsily, jumped out among them, crying, "Stand away, you stupid son of a—; is that the way to handle a beast? Here, look at me!"—Your Servant, *Master Lockit!*

H—A—D.

"It is sometimes dangerous to appear wiser than one's neighbours."

A tipsy parson in Dumfries was saying from the pulpit—"What was it, think ye, gued people, that swallowed Jonas?—It was na horse, it was na cow!"—"I suppose, said an old woman, it was a whale, your reverence"—"I suppose, replied he, you are a b—; you might as well take the bread out of my mouth, as the word of God!"

An Actor went from London to Edinburgh to perform—The first thing he did was an attendant, who was to prevent some one

one from falling.—That night he came tittering into the Green Room—"By gad, said he, this is a very fine affair, to come 400 miles to catch a man in a fainting fit!"

A PARISH GHOST.

At a house where I lived, I reposed in the parlour, and was waked one morning about two o'clock—saw the door open, and a man come in with a long staff, a great coat, a lantern, and a wide mouth—I asked, with all the resolution I could muster up, "who was there?"—"Sir," said the watchman, demurely, "you forgot to fasten the street door!"

THE CIBBER, appearing before his father one day, in a very elegant suit of clothes—the father said, "THE, I pity you."—"Pity me, sir? (said THE) pity my Taylor!"

At dinner, a gentleman said to the servant,
“ I wish I had a piece of bread ”—“ I wish
you had,” said the man !

A Physician thus advised a Surgeon,
who was in the patient’s chamber—
“ You must not fail to phlebotomize the
gentleman to-morrow morning.” “ I
will never suffer it,” cried the sick man in a
fright, “ I am not in so bad a condition
to have recourse to so dreadful an opera-
tion.” The Surgeon replying immediately
thereon, for fear of losing his little fee,
“ Sir, don’t be frightened, the Doctor
only orders a bleeding.” “ Oh, as for
bleeding,” replied he, “ it matters little ;
but for the other thing, I will as soon die as
endure it.”

King Charles, coming a little before his
usual time to a tragedy, and finding the actors
not ready to begin, the King was impatient
and

and sent to know the meaning of it; when the master of the company coming up to the box, judging that the best excuse for the delay would be the true one, plainly told the King—"that the Queen was not shaved."

RICH, the manager, who could imitate by gesticulation the manner of eating all kinds of fruit, placed himself at a concert opposite to a man, who was to play a horn concerto, and by imitating the eating of a lemon, spoiled the effect of the performer's execution.

FOOTE was standing at his door in Suffolk-street—the dust-man came by, making a confounded noise of—"Dust ho—dust ho!" "D——n you," said FOOTE, "there is no dust but of your own making."

A girl wrote to WHITLY, the manager of an itinerant Company of Comedians, informing him, "She should be very glad to have the hopportunity of being a *Haëtress*."

In the *Rehearsal* the man who played *Earth*, sung it with a quaking voice—"Why now this is more than I promised you," said FOOTE—"for here you have an Earth-quake."

The man who did *Thunder*, spoke it in a very low tone—"I am the bold *Thunder*."—"Then I'm sure," said FOOTE, "it is a distant clap."

Another who spoke it feebly.

"Ah! poor fellow," cried FOOTE, "this actor receives six nights pay a week in the winter, and here he receives only three, which makes him melancholy."

A lady who was to make her first appearance at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the character of *Roxana*, on the play night said to herself in the dressing room, "The grand affair will be over by and by."—The first music was called, and the second, and still she kept

kept saying, "The grand affair will be over by and by;" without making any progress in her dress. The last music was called, "Well," says she, "the grand affair will be over by an by"--At which period she had only got her stockings and shoes on—They supposed her mad, and were obliged to pop somebody else on for the part, and told her, "She need not give herself any farther trouble, as they were compelled to get another lady to perform *Roxana*"—"Well," says she, "then the grand affair is over!"

MAJOR NORTH and CHARLES BANNISTER.

MAJOR NORTH was observing to BANNISTER, shortly after the discomfiture of the late administration, "That he did not know what to make of SHERIDAN"—"D——n it, CHARLES," said the MAJOR, "he never laughs out"—"If he laughs at all, now," replied the other, "he must *laugh out*, but perhaps it is on the wrong side of the mouth, and he does not chuse to

make a discovery incompatible with his discretion."

"I hope that man is in heaven," said a clown, "who first invented sleep, for it covers us all over like a cloak."

I was in company with the celebrated AMYAS GRIFFITHS, (who is bandy legged) in the year 1782, at Belfast, in Ireland, where he won a considerable wager by a singular circumstance--A gentleman present was very severe upon GRIFFITH's person; and pointing to his left leg, offered a bet that there was not so ill formed a limb in the company."---GRIFFITH pleasantly took up the offer, and instantly exhibited his right leg, and exclaimed, "By J-----s, here's the fellow to it."

THE
VILLAGE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

"These three children Milcah bare."

"Milk a bear, child! impossible---spell it."

"B-o-r-e---Boar."

"Aye, they might milk a boar---go on."

A SOMERSETSHIRE COLLOQUY,

Between an old woman and a boy, who
had been beating her goslings, in re-
venge for being bit by the gander.

Curfed tuoad, what does beat gosling
chick vor?

"Then why did gosling chick's vather
beat I."

DOCTOR

DOCTOR BURNEY.

DOCTOR BURNEY was, when a boy, articled to DOCTOR ARNE, for a certain number of years---Before the expiration of his time, the remaining part of it was purchased by Mr. GREVILLE, who took him under his protection, and thereby enabled him to prosecute his studies, and be the scientific man he is !

There was an astonishing boy, aged fifteen, of vulgar manners, about the year 1750, whom Dr. ARNE and Dr. BOYCE invited to the One Tun tavern, in the Strand, very frequently, where he drank freely of geneva, and then played without method on the harpsichord, and produced some of the finest wild harmonies ever heard.

I have heard the five Senses denominated the cinque ports of Reason.

It

HANDEL.

It is piteous, when the force of sensuality makes a great man ungenerous—HANDEL had invited a number of gentlemen to dine with him—When the cloth was removed, he suddenly exclaimed, “O, I haf de tought,” and retired into another room. He did this so frequently, that one of the company looked through the key-hole, and saw the prince of melody drinking—On communicating this discovery to the rest, they burst into the room, and found their host solacing himself in secret over some choice burgundy he had received a few days before from LORD MIDDLESEX.

At a Butcher's in Monmouth-street, a man asked the price of a leg of mutton—“Two and three pence,” said the butcher; “Two and three pence, you varlet,” replied the other, “Why, I can buy a new one for that.”

A certain

A certain gentleman eminent for his wit, being hard pressed by one of his impatient creditors, to pay the principal and interest of a debt long incurred made the following facetious reply, viz.

Dear Sir,

In answer to your obliging favour, I must take the liberty to inform you, that at present it is not my *interest* to pay the *principal*, neither is it my *principle* to pay the *interest*.

I am your sincere friend,

R. B. S.

A man who had sore eyes, applied to a Physician for relief, who told him, "to leave off drinking brandy." "Why," said the patient, "you drink brandy, Doctor, and yet

yet have sore eyes." "Aye, but," said the Physician, "I love brandy better than my eyes!"

An Apothecary and a Barber compared.

The Barber improves our outward appearance; the apothecary does, or ought to do the same. The apothecary gives you powders, and the barber powders you. The barber's employers stand in need of patience, so do the apothecary's. The barber fleeces your head; the apothecary your pocket, and sometimes constitution. The poor apothecary, to gain custom, makes use of puffs, and the barber makes use of puffs when he has gained custom. The barber has many hairs about him; the apothecary gives himself many airs when he smells at his physical cane. The apothecary, not unfrequently substitutes spurious for genuine drugs; and the barber as often inserts horse instead of human hair. The barber may be known by his smart look and tripping gait; the apothecary by his
sober

sober pace, and grave phyfiognomy. The barber plasters your head when it is whole, and the apothecary when it is broken. The barber often raises a wig, and the apothecary sometimes kills a Tory. The apothecary is the servant of Esculapius, and the barber of Venus, whom he often prepares for her appearance at the Pantheon. The apothecary derives his art from Apollo, he therefore exercises it on a Sunday; and the barber, not to be behind, makes no bones of doing the same.

A man persuaded his friend not to marry a woman he was courting---However, his friend married her, and came again and asked his advice, who still endeavoured to divert him from the purpose, and added, he would give a sufficient reason, viz. "having often lain with her!"—"Have you, by the Lord?" said his friend—"why I was married yesterday morning!"

In

In July 1777, the weather was remarkably rainy, and had been so for some time.— A person asked VERNON, how they went on at Vauxhall?—Who replied *swimmingly!*

Two men laying together, one of them heard a rattling in the other's throat, and asked him what was the matter?—“ Nothing!” says he. “ Nothing? I believe you are saying your prayers!”—“ No, indeed”—“ Come, come, your telling a lie is worse than the thing itself!”

A person who kept a Jack-daw, used frequently to put his finger into the cage to him; the Daw bit him, and the man said, “ D—n it, how you pinch.” The Jack-daw being out of the cage, a Kite took him up, and flew off with him, while the Daw kept crying, “ D—n it, how you pinch.”

Mr. POWELL went to Mr. GARRICK, when he lived in Southampton-Street, to
make

make an offer of his services—" Well, Sir," said GARRICK, " let me hear you speak." " I had rather be excused now, Sir," uttered POWELL, " because I am fluttered; but, I assure you, Sir, I will do my best at the Theatre."—" I always," said GARRICK, " make it an indispensable part of my obligations to *taste* my own women, my own wine, and my own actors."

When GARRICK's name was introduced at the late BUBB DODDINGTON's table, FOOTE handled it so uncharitably, that Mr. DODDINGTON could not avoid interfering thus in behalf of his associate, " You can't deny, Mr. FOOTE, but Mr. GARRICK loves his friend"—" I can tell you," replied the lame Aristophanes, " what he loves much better."—What, Mr. FOOTE?—*A guinea!*

FOOTE and GARRICK were in a fruit-shop in Covent-Garden, when the latter received a bad shilling in exchange—" This shilling
is

is not worth a farthing," exclaimed Roscius, in a rage; " Here take it fellow, and throw it to the devil." " Throw it yourself, DAVY," added FOOTE, " as nobody can make a shilling go farther than yourself."

Indolence is the Origin of Evil.

" I want work," said TADY MULLGOVERY, as he sat melancholy upon the threshold of the Munster Piper, in Glassinockinyogue, to BRYAN O LYN, who was passing by—" I'll give you employment," said BRYAN. Long life to you for that same," answered THADY. " Go home and mend that, you sleeveen scoundrel," roared BRYAN, after he had cut THADY's left cheek open with a knife; " Perhaps you forget that you informed against LARRY KAVANAGH, for running away with LORD ALTHAM's bull."

" Are my *steaks* ready, fellow," bawled a buckeen at an eating house—"No," replied the waiter, " but I perceive your *chops* are."

The following was written in 1787, under the equestrian statue in *Place Louis Quinze*, where the cardinal Virtues are at the foot of Majesty. "Sculptor, you know the world, and have done well; placed Vice on horse-back, and the Virtues on foot"—This was considered at the time, as the most daring Pasquinade ever known.

NED SHUTER, when young, and in want of a dinner, was followed, in St. James's Park, by a man meanly clad, and who looked as hungry as himself—after many turns and twistings, the Comedian sat on the corner of a chair, picking his teeth—and the stranger instantly occupied the other end, and diverted himself in the same manner—After they had looked steadfastly at each other for a considerable time, SHUTER broke silence as follows:—"Sir, I have the felicity to drink your good health"—"I don't understand you," muttered the other, surlily—"I meant no offence," added the poor Comedian, "I only thought as we had
dined

dined together, we might as well drink together, that's all."

When CAPTAIN AYSCOUGH translated the *Semiramis* of VOLTAIRE, he teized FOOTE to write a prologue; but the wit either could not or would not execute the desire, and when hardly pressed, produced the following lines, which he meant as a beginning :

Our play is neither old or very new,

VOLTAIRE's it was, 'tis now VOLTAIRE's *afkew*!

It was FOOTE's intention to involve a miserable pun upon the military author's name, and when he had accomplished that, he gave up the test, and owned he had not ability to proceed any farther.

When the facetious COUNSELLOR HARWOOD had been married six weeks, he quarrelled with his Lady—"My dear," said he, "though I am a lawyer, you shall find that I am just; I am determined to divide the house with you, honey; you shall have the

outside, and I will have the inside; now if that is not justice, myself does not know what is."

CHARLES BANNISTER, in speaking to the regal barber at Windsor, called him JACK—"Sir JOHN," said the other, "if you please; perhaps you have not heard that I was dubbed a knight," "No," rejoined CHARLES, "but I understood that you was *drubbed* one."

COUNSELLOR HARWOOD was questioned by the LORD CHANCELLOR BOWES, in the court of King's Bench in Dublin, to know "for whom he was concerned;" the answer run thus:—"I am concerned for the plaintiff, my lord, but I'm employed by the defendant."

A young woman applied to the elder COLMAN to be engaged as a vocal performer—When required to give an instance of her ability, she began Mr. INCLEDON's celebrated ballad of *Ma chere amie* my charming fair, thus---"March after me, my charming fair"---The Manager bowed, and the lady became scarce.

In the year 1778, a Mr. Hughes produced a dry petite piece at the Hay-market, entitled the *Dutchman*, which was d——d at the first representation—At the conclusion of the piece, the author met FOOTE behind the scenes, and said angrily, “Why, Mr. FOOTE, you promised to look over my piece.” “By G—d, sir,” replied FOOTE, “I over-looked it, or it never would have been done at all.”

A man of the name of DOGHARTY, was to be hung at Ilchester for horse-stealing, and requested Mr. SUMMERS, of the Bath Theatre, to lend him his wig, that he might die *decently*—The day of execution came, and when the malefactor was in the cart, he bawled aloud, “Is there one BOB SUMMERS in the mob?” “Here am I,” said SUMMERS.—“Take your wig, BOB,” said the culprit, “for I’ll die in my cap.”

A Coachman driving over a bridge, on a sudden pulled in his horses—"Curse you," said one of the passengers, "what do you stop for?" "I can't get along, replied the coachman, here's a man with a large nose in my way." The man alluded to placed his finger to his nose, to lay it aside, and cried, "Well, my friend, now you may come along in safety."

RICH, who never remembered any performer's name, but would always say *Mr.*—being in company with FOOTE, and making use of the same appellation. "Sir," said FOOTE, "it is very odd you can't remember my name?" "Why, *Mr. _____*" rejoined RICH, "it is my way; I sometimes can't remember my own name." "I have heard," replied FOOTE, "that you could not write your name, but I never knew you had forgot it."

A damper.

Almost

Almost all savages, from the confined state of their knowledge, have recourse to poetry, when any thing important or extraordinary occurs to them. The common Russians are very little above brutes, but of a tame and docile nature ; and when they disapprove of their superiors, they do it without the bold coarseness of an Englishman, or the covered malignity of the French—The following is a literal translation of a favourite Allegory among the Russians in their last war against the Turks, and designed by them to convey the highest compliment to COUNT MUNICH, and the most pointed reproach to PRINCE GALLITZIN.

God Almighty was enjoying himself in sleep ;

A great noise was heard in Heaven,

And God awoke—

He call'd unto him the Angel Gabriel :

And said, " Gabriel, what is the matter ?"

And Gabriel said, "the Turks and Russians are going
to war."

P •

" My

* My beloved Russians ? Who commands them ?”

Gabriel answered, “ COUNT MUNICH.”

Then the Almighty said, “ I am satisfied.”

And he turned round and went to sleep.—

On a sudden, a greater noise was heard in Heaven,

And God awoke, and called the angel Gabriel :

And said, Gabriel, what is this noise ?”

And Gabriel said, “ the Russians and the Turks are
at war !

“ O my beloved Russians ! the Creator exclaimed,

“ Who now leads them to battle ?”

PRINCE GALLITZIN !

Then God said, “ Gabriel bring me my boots,

For I must go myself.”

An instance of satiric profanation, issuing from malice
and vanity—I therefore selected this from the anecdotes
of RUSSIA to shew their singular genius.

A gentleman of the name of MAN, who
resided at Deptford, and had a place in the
Custom-house, having constantly finished
his business at two o'clock, used generally
to go home then to dinner : In his walk he
fre-

frequently met a person who lived in the neighbourhood, who was known to be disordered in his intellects, but whose conduct had always been inoffensive. It happened one day that the madman met him on the causeway, and having a large stick in his hand, when he came opposite to Mr. MAN, he made a sudden stop, and striking one end of the stick to the ground, whilst he held it with both his hands, sternly pronounced, "Who are you, Sir?" The other not at all alarmed, replied, "Why, Sir, I am a *double man*; I am MAN by name, and *man* by nature." "Are you so, said the insane, I am glad to hear it; for I am a man *beside myself*, and we *two* will fight you *two*;" immediately upon which he knocked Mr. MAN into the ditch, and then deliberately walked off.

A DESCRIPTION of a PARTY of PLEASURE;

(From the common place book of
DEPUTY PATTYPAN.)

We went out clean—We came home
dirty.

We

We went out sober—We came home drunk.

We went out well—We came home sick.

We went out laughing—We came home crying.

We went out sound—We came home broken.

We went out with cash—We came home moneyless.

We went out for air—We came home full of dust.

ANN DE MONTMORENCY, Marshal, High Steward, and Constable of France, being mortally wounded at the Battle of St. Denys, said to those who exhorted him to prepare for death, "Do you imagine a man who has lived more than fourscore years with honour and reputation, and faced death in so many battles (some of which have continued from morning till night) is now to learn how to die, a conflict which will be over in a quarter of an hour?"

A gentle-

A gentleman passing through Bath with his family, permitted them, as usual, to furnish themselves with Bath garters, as presents for their friends. When the purchase was made, they amused themselves with mottos; and being a little tinctured with methodism, they were most pleased with those called Lady Huntingdon's garters, which they selected with care for their old aunts, and graver cousins. The presents were properly accepted; and austere virgins, antiquated maids, sighing widows, and affectionate wives, now produce their garters among their acquaintance with this motto, "*Set your affections on things above.*"

The following true and affecting instance of generous humanity and heroism, deserves to be celebrated and repeated in every part of the habitable globe. The hero who performed the act alluded to was a Native of Holland, who had lived, from his early youth, a rural life, in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope.

He happened to be on horseback on the coast, at the very point of time that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest; the greatest part of the crew perished in the waves; the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks, that still floated on the surface of the water: No boat could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people. The humane and intrepid Hollander undertook to save them; he blew brandy into the nostrils of his horse, and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, plunged into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brought back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his *'boots*; in this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved 14 of the passengers; but the eighth time (and here the generous heart will sink at the recital) on his return, a rapid and immense surge overset his horse—The heroic rider lost his seat and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate victims. What exit could be more glorious than that of this godlike man?

Sorr

SOFT NONSENSE.

Sweet harmonist, and *beautiful* as *sweet*,
 And *young* as *beautiful*, and *soft* as *young*,
 And *gay* as *soft*, and *innocent* as *gay*.

Said one old woman to another, the day after the late storm—"I *saw* a most terrible wind yesterday"—"Saw a wind," replied the other, "I never heard of a wind being seen—Pray, if you did see the wind, what was it like?" "Like! why it was like, to have blown my house down."

The following whimsical bill was some time since to be seen in a shop window, near the foot of London-bridge, in Southwark, viz.

SALT, peruke-maker, removed from *Pepper Alley* to *Vinegar Yard*.

A non-conformist parson, preaching on the fire of London, said—"The calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of
blasphemy,

blasphemy, for in that case, it would have begun at *Billingsgate*; nor *lewdness*, for then *Drury Lane* would have been first on fire; nor *lying*, for then the flames had reached from *Westminster-hall*; — no, my beloved, it was occasioned by the sin of *gluttony*; for it began at *Pudding-lane*, and ended at *Pye-corner*."

One man said to another, "I am very ill, I don't think I shall live a week?"—"Keep up your spirits, said the other, I dare say you'll live a month!"

An old Actress very fond of her charms used to have the playhouse call brought into her bed-chamber every day—One morning a man came in, whom she thought was the call boy—"Lay it down," says she, "LEDGER"—"What do you mean by LEDGER? I dye for you," said the man—"Lord bless me, who can this be?" said the Actress—"I die for you!—Dear me, there is somebody in love with me--let me see who it is"--She put the curtain aside, and

see-

seeing a ragged fellow, demanded what business the impudent rascal had there?—"I dye your clothes, ma'am," said he, "and am come for your *Paddyfway*!"

Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they never shall be disappointed.

One boy called another, "Nafty dog"—
"Nafty yourself," said the other.

The Mayor of Norwich being in company with LORD SANDWICH, at the finish of the evening, his Lordship taking up a glass, said, "Here's *Bon repos*"—The next day after dinner, at his own house, the Mayor being called upon for a toast, said, "he would give them one, which had been given by no less a man than Lord SANDWICH—" Here's *Bon repos*, my boys."

At a late trial at Abingdon
the Mayor of Abingdon. A gen-
eral opinion for his crime
he was found guilty of
the murder of the poor

A gentleman, who expected company to dinner, had for his principal guest a Duke, whereupon he desired his servant (a country hick) when he accosted the Duke to say his Grace. When the Duke arrived at the door, the servant began, "Bless, we beseech thee, &c." The Duke was struck with the whimsicality of the servant, and gave him money, for which the servant said, "For what we have received the Lord make us truly welcome."

You must know, my dear, that *Doctor Demisemiquaver*, an old fellow, who has a neice to *transpose* in the *key* of matrimony, has taken no small pains to fix me for a nephew; but I should be quite a *natural*, to think of a *duet* with the lady—She is, I must confess, a very fine girl in her person, and she does not want understanding; but, with her beauty and her sense, there are certain *accompaniments*, which she mistakes for *graces*; the most *chromatic composition* I
 ever

ever met with. Her temper is very rarely in tune, so that one don't know in what *key* to have her. Her voice is naturally melodious, but she often *throws it out* in such a manner, that her notes are quite *discordant*. I have seen her *shake* with anger, and *swell* with envy. When she is in a *rattling* humour, she never stops. To her inferiors she commonly talks in *sharp tones*; but she is cunning enough to change her *key*, before those who *figure* in a superior *style* to herself. She is *base* enough to *play off* her dearest friends behind their backs, for the amusement of the company present, who frequently *encore* her for her *execution*, little thinking that they are to be *new set*, for the entertainment of others, with *variations*. After what I have said, with regard to the lady's behaviour, you cannot suppose that she has *parts* or *powers* sufficient to draw me out of my *solo* state, to perform in *concert* with her. Her father may *harp* upon the old *string*, and repeat the *strain* as often as he pleases, but he will never find my sentiments concerning his niece in *union* with his own. With all his formal *scrapes*, and

flattering speeches, he will never *wind* me to the purpose, and therefore he had better be *mute* upon the subject; for I shall go on *piano*, till I find a woman *forte* enough to *peg* me down in a *duet* with her for life. And I can assure you, my dear, that *Doctor Demisemiquaver* will not *catch* me soon bound in the *chords* of matrimony: I make a *shift* to keep up my *glee* extremely well, in my *harmonic* meetings abroad, which would be considerably disturbed at home, by a wife, with shrill *pipes* always in *alt*, and the wild *cantabilies* of a human nursery.

A London rider, at Exeter, left his dog in the stable by his horse. The yard dog took offence at him, and beat him; upon which the former dog set out for London, and brought down another dog of his acquaintance, to revenge his cause.

A fact.

Two porters quarrelling, one said to the other, "Stop your jaws, you puppy, and double your distance; for your absence would be quite a cordial to me."

BANNISTER asked ANDREWS when he intended bringing forth another new play—"Why, replied ANDREWS, my muse is big, and will soon be delivered"—"Then, said BANNISTER, I'll come to the groaning."

An honest *Tar* hired a horse to carry him a few miles, but before he had gone many yards, he found he possessed the usual *excellencies* of the unfortunate four-footed hirelings of the road, such as blindness, lameness, stumbling, &c. &c. The sailor, however (having been unshipped twice with very little ceremony in the length of half a mile, by the creature falling on its knees) hit upon a very whimsical mode of curing the impediment, which was by tying

a large stone to the tail, and in that state rode it several miles, swearing, " shiver his timbers, but it was the only thing to prevent the ship's going too much a-head".

NED SHUTER one day standing at a green-stall in Bow-Street, was accosted by a shabby man, who asked him for charity, declaring he had not a shoe to his foot. NED immediately presented him with part of his purchase at the fruit-stall, adding that if he had not a shoe to his foot, now he was provided with a *pear*.

In the summer of seventy-seven, FOOTE was scolding the people under the stage about the slovenly state of the lamps—" What's the matter, CHARLES?" said WESTON, hearing FOOTE's voice—" Don't you know that he is indisposed?" said BANNISTER.—" No! what's the complaint, CHARLES?"—*The rising of the lights!*

FOOTE

FOOTE had his weakneſſes, and was never ſo happy as when the company laughed heartily at his jeſt—JOHN PALMER wanted to procure an engagement for his brother ROBERT; and GRIFFITHS, the late prompter at the Royalty Theatre, wiſhed for a ſituation likewiſe—Both parties attended the Hay-market Theatre, and it was not long before Mr. FOOTE ſtarted a witticiſm, at which GRIFFITHS pretended to laugh immoderately, and wiped the tears from his eyes he *never* ſhed—The manœuvre had an effect, FOOTE immediately enquired who he was, and ſeemed diſpoſed to liſten to his terms, until another jeſt eſcaped the lip of Ariſtophanes, when, to make his ground ſure, GRIFFITHS began again even louder than before---But here he was foiled; for PALMER and his brother (who had his cue) made ſuch a bellowing, and accompanied it with the beating of their ſticks ſo loud, that FOOTE caught JACK PALMER's hand in rapture, ſwore he was a d—d clever fellow, ſcowled at GRIFF, and BOB was engaged.

The late DUKE of NORFOLK was much addicted to the bottle—On a masquerade night, he asked FOOTE, who was his intimate, “ what new character he should go in ” ?—“ Go sober,” said FOOTE !

When LORD BUCKLEY married a rich and beautiful lady, who had been solicited at the same time by LORD POWIS, in the rage of felicity he wrote thus to the DUKE of DORSET :

DEAR DORSET,
I am the happiest dog alive !

Your's, BUCKLEY.

Answer.

DEAR BUCKLEY,
Every dog has his day.

Your's, DORSET.

The late LADY TOWNSHEND remarked that the Almighty had made *three* distinct species of human beings—MEN, WOMEN, and HARVEYS.

Mr.

Mr. R——, who resides in Pall-mall, happening to spend the evening in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favor the company with a song—He politely declined singing, alledging he was so indifferent a performer in that way, that any attempt on his part would rather disgust than entertain—One of the company, however, observed that he had a very good voice, and that he had had the pleasure of hearing him sing—"That may be," resumed the other (wishing to get excused) "but as I am not a *freeman*, I have *no voice in the City*."

ANECDOTES

OF THE

KING OF PRUSSIA.

Any circumstances, however trivial, that may tend to elucidate the life and character of so great a man as

Q 4

Frederick

Frederick the Third, of Prussia, must be acceptable to an enlightened age ; I shall therefore make no apology for laying the following anecdotes before my readers—

A LESSON FOR DUELLISTS.

It is well known, that the several edicts against duelling, in the dominions of the Prussian Monarch, have been always carried into effect, with a rigour the most unexampled ; there is no doubt, but the wise Frederick found such measures necessary, to bridle that licentious spirit of animosity, which still exists, to the disgrace of most of the polished countries in Europe—

Two generals of great honor and respectability, in his service, had a difference in opinion upon some military manœuvre—Each maintained his opinion with pertinacity, and a serious quarrel was the consequence. One of the disputants, upon receiving a challenge from his opponent to decide the affair by combat, was resolved to

to wait upon the King, under the apprehension that he should incur his Majesty's displeasure, and be disgraced, if he fought his adversary without previously taking such a step—Accordingly he repaired to Berlin, told his story, and at the conclusion, begged to know if his Majesty should be displeased with him for obeying the spirit of a challenge, that he had received under such aggravating circumstances : the great Frederick coolly replied, " Offend me, General, oh, by no means ; you will only offend the laws ; but, as the guardian of those laws, I must observe, that my duty will oblige me to act agreeably to their letter—That is, if you are killed by your adversary, I'll hang him ; if you kill your adversary, I shall hang you." This laconic interpretation of *Frederick* was extremely unpalatable to the general—He reflected on the consequences—forgot his enmity, and the affair ended as it should, without bloodshed on either side.

A LESSON FOR THE CAPRICIOUS.

When MANJOTTI, the famous singer, (who flourished in this metropolis about thirty years ago) was at Berlin, she received a message from the King, to sing in an opera at the palace, which he gave on some public festival to the foreign ministers and the principal nobility—MANJOTTI, impelled by wanton caprice, sent an excuse to his majesty, that she was very ill, and could not attend ; in consequence of which, the King immediately sent his physician to administer to her complaints—He examined the state of her health, and reported to his Majesty, that she laboured under no bodily illness whatever—Upon which the King assumed the character of a physician, and visited *Manjotti*, to whom he ordered, tea for breakfast, tea for dinner, and tea for supper ; which she took with great seeming patience, for a few days, but finding the same nourishment was to be continued, till she got re-established in her health, her
prudence

prudence conquered her caprice, and she sent her duty to his Majesty, informing him, that her health was perfectly restored, and that she was willing to take her part in the opera—The King immediately expressed his satisfaction at her recovery ; sent a purse to bear her expences, and ordered her to quit his dominions in four and twenty hours,

A LESSON FOR HUMILITY.

The King of Prussia was not only an *amateur* of music, but a very able composer ; when GIARDINI was at Berlin, in the early part of his life, the King desired him to play over some music of his own composition ; and in order to give him a better idea of his meaning, in some particular passages, he played them with his flute, and the execution was considered by *Giardini* as so very masterly, that he trembled, lest he should not be able to convey the same spirit of harmony with the violin, that his majesty

jefty had done with the flute—The King perceiving his situation, attempted to encourage him, but *Giardini's* embarrassment was not to be overcome, and he freely confessed to the King, that he was so awed by his presence, that he could not get through the music with his usual accuracy, and desired permission to walk till he recovered himself; which instance of modesty so pleased the King, that he became ever after greatly attached to the interests of *Giardini*, and would have made a very honorable provision for him in his private band, if his wandering inclination had not disposed him to travel.

A LESSON FOR PRESUMPTION.

ONE STRESBURG, who was a favourite with the King, was sent with a present of some cherries, from the garden of Potsdam to the Queen, who resided in the palace at Berlin; the page was enamoured of a young and beautiful girl who lived in the
neigh-

neighbourhood, and to accomplish the end of his passion, he had the hardiness and folly to present her with those cherries, which were entrusted by his royal master to his care. A few days afterwards the King went to a ball at Berlin, and took that opportunity to ask her Majesty how she liked the cherries he had sent her. The Queen was amazed at the question, and an eclaircissement taking place, it was discovered, to the astonishment of the King, that no cherries had been received. Heated with indignation, the King, on his return to Potsdam, sent for STRESBURG, and questioned him relative to the present; STRESBURG persisted in the falsehood, as to the delivery, and the King appearing to be satisfied with the account, wrote a letter to General Prevot, which he ordered STRESBURG to carry instantly to Berlin—The page suspecting the contents, gave the letter to a Jew to deliver, who was in consequence tied to the halberd, and most *savagely flagellated*.

SHAKSPERE:

SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.

The following curious Anecdote occurs in Mr. MALONE'S Life of SHAKSPERE : When the civil war raged in England, the Queen of CHARLES the First was driven to find a recess in *Warwickshire*, where she kept her court three weeks in the dwelling-house of SHAKSPERE, at *Stratford upon Avon*, named by her *The NEW PLACE*, and then possessed by Mrs. NASH, the bard's grand daughter.—This sacred mansion fell into the family of Sir HUGH CLOPTON; and in 1752 was purchased by the Rev. Mr. GASTREL, who, on a dispute with his neighbours respecting the assessment of his house to the rates, peevishly declared, that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon after pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town, wishing, as it should seem, to be “ *damn'd to everlasting fame!*” He had some time before cut down SHAKSPERE'S celebrated *Mulberry-tree*, to save himself the trouble of shewing it to those whose admiration of the great Poet led them to view the sacred spot on which it stood.—The
ground

ground on which the *New Place* was, is now a garden belonging to Mr. CHARLES HUNT, an eminent Attorney and Town-Clerk, of Stratford upon Avon. Every Englishman, adds Mr. MALONE, will concur in wishing that it may enjoy perpetual verdure and fertility!

ROYAL ANECDOTES. .

When LORD T——T was Chamberlain to the Q——, he expressed his disapprobation of MADAME S———N's eating off the plate appropriated to the royal family;—the Q—— heard the objection with astonishment, and immediately ordered a most sumptuous service of plate from her goldsmith's, for her peculiar use.—Perhaps such a partiality does MADAME S———N too much honour.

The K—— leaped out of bed one morning to examine the weather, when her M——y, in a moment of royal flirtation,

rung the bell for a female attendant; the lady entered the bedchamber, and unexpectedly found the K—— in his shirt; the lady blushed; the Q—— laughed, and his M——, who was never ashamed of the *truth*, joined in the merriment excited by so singular an adventure.

DUKE of YORK.

When the DUKE of YORK returned from the Continent, LIEUTENANT PERRIN waited on his Highness to pay him 170*l.* which he had lent to the young subaltern when abroad—When the money was offered, the DUKE generously said, “No, no, PERRIN, pay me when you get a company.”

The PRINCE and POLYPHEME.

The P—— of W—— has christened the facetious DUKE of Q——y *Old Tick*. The cause was thus: The P—— observing the DUKE gallanting at the Opera with Mrs. HARRIS, the fruit woman,

5

pleasantly

pleasantly asked her, " if she was not afraid of the consequences"—" No, your Highness," said the fat handmaid of Pomona—" Alas, his Grace is like an old clock, he can *tick*, but he can't *strike*."

Mrs. WEBB, of Covent Garden Theatre, was rehearsing the part of *Lady Anne*, in *Richard the Third*, at Lynn, in Norfolk, in much distress, about the year 1778—When she came to that passage where the disconsolate fair utters, " Shall I never have rest again," her irascible landlady, who had been listening, suddenly popped her head into the room, and with her arms a-kimbo, bellowed, " No, thou waggabone, that thou shasn't, till you have paid me for your board and lodging."

Mr. ROCK, of the same Theatre, advised a scene shifter to get a subscription, upon receiving an accident—A few days after he desired the man to shew him the list of

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R

names,

names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise said, "Why, Mr. Rock, won't you *give* me something?"—"Is it me you mane, my dare? Why, zounds, man, didn't I *give you the hint*!"

AN IRISH COLLOQUY.

Scene Bloody Bridge, Dublin, in the year
1740.

"I say, you MULLOONEY, by the Holy Father, I've found the hand of a body—look at it, PADDY, do you know whose it is?"

"Ogbone---ah, bad luck to my mother's son, but I know it as well as he that made it—It's PADDY FOGARTY's, myself knows it by the thick tumb!"

LORD MANSFIELD and a Jew.

"Mr. Abrahams," said Lord Mansfield,
"this man is your son, and cannot go in
the

the same bail bond"---"He ish not my son, my Lord"—"Why, Abrahams, here are twenty in court will prove it"—"I will shwear, my Lord, he is not"—"Take care, Abrahams, or I shall send you to the King's Bench"—"Now, my Lord, if your Lordship pleases, I will tell the trute." "Well, I shall be glad to hear the truth from a Jew"—"My Lord, I wash in Amsterdam two years and three quarters—When I came home I findsh this lad---Now the law obliges me to maintain him---consequently, my Lord, he ish but my Son in Law"---"Well, Moses, rejoined Lord Mansfield, this is the best definition of a Son in Law I ever heard."

Mr. BEARCROFT and a JEW.

"My Lord," said Mr. Bearcroft to Lord Kenyon, "this fellow's word is not worth a farthing; he is the worst member of the whole tribe of Levi---In the six days of the week, he follows six different professions; on Monday, he is a dealer in old cloaths---on Tuesday, he sells red slippers, sewed

with burnt thread---on Wednesday, he is a bailiff's follower"---"And pray," my Lord, interrupted the Jew, "is it not better that I should follow the bailiffs, than that the bailiffs should follow me?"

The *Bear* was muzzled!

LORD LOUGHBOROUGH and a JEW.

"My Lord," said Mr. ISAACS, "I will be bail for my friend for ten thousand pounds, and I will take my ote I am worth the monish"---"I know you would," replied the Judge, "but I won't let you."

IMPERIAL INDIFFERENCE.

The late CHARLES TOWNSHEND, hearing the Count de----- lauding the abilities of the Empress of-----, he arrested the eulogium by telling the Ambassador, that he did not understand the hemorrhoidal cholic of which the Emperor died---"Oh," exclaimed the Count, "c'est n'import--- la grande ame ne regarder pas les petite morale."

Mrs.

MRS. GREVILLE and DOCTOR HAWKES-
WORTH.

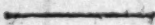
It happens, not unfrequently, that people receive applause, where applause is not legally due—Many individuals have been extolled as the Authors of neat poetic *morceaus*, which have, almost literally, been the effusion of some needy wit in obscurity—The following is a case in point:—While HAWKESWORTH was correcting Mr. GREVILLE's *Maxims*, Mrs. GREVILLE suggested the *Ode to Indifference*, which has been much praised, though an inconsiderable effort of the mind—The M. S. was shewn to Dr. HAWKESWORTH, who not only amended the matter in general, but, according to Mr. GREVILLE's testimony, wrote the following stanza entirely, which is certainly delicately expressed, though a borrowed idea—Speaking of her sensibility it runs thus :

“ Which, like the needle true,]
Turns at the touch of others' woe,
But turning, trembles too.”

Such frauds upon fame occur too often.

GEORGE SELWYN.

In a public Execution at Paris, several executioners from different parts of Europe attended, when the Austrian finisher of the law complimented the Frenchman on his address in torturing the criminal—At length, seeing GEORGE SELWYN in the ground, and mistaking him for a Bourreau, he accosted him, “ Ah, Monsieur d’Angleterre”—“ Pardonnez moi (replied SELWYN coolly) je ne suis pas un Bourreau, je suis un amateur.”



ANOTHER.

When George Selwyn was at Rome, he attended the late Duchess of Kingston and another lady in a boat upon the Tyber, where some men were swimming—“ It’s a shame,” said the lusty appendage of the house of Pierpoint, “ that such nasty fellows should be permitted to exhibit their nakedness in the face of day”—“ Upon my honor,” rejoined Mr. Selwyn, “ I thought they were
women

women"—“ Oh, fie, Mr. Selwyn,” added her Grace—“ I am sure you know to the contrary”—“ Not I indeed, Madam,” resumed Selwyn, “ but I shall give up the point, as your Grace is a much better judge of these matters than myself !”

EQUITY IN PERSPECTIVE.

A wicked fellow at Amiens stole a hog, and the person robbed, employed a carmelite to admonish the thief---The discourse ran thus-----“ If you don't restore the animal to the owner, you must be damned, my son ; for the man and the hog will rise up in judgment against you”---“ Well, well, father, if they do, I'll settle the whole affair, by giving the man his hog again.”

PREJUDICE *versus* HYGEIA.

A friend of mine was supremely afflicted by disorders, occasioned by the impurity of his blood. He employed Doctor ———,

R 4

who

who gave him minerals in such doses, that his nervous system at last could not receive a grain, and all his relations thought his immediate dissolution inevitable—However, Fate ordered it to be otherwise—The Physician received, as he thought, the final fee of irrecoverable mortality, and departed.—I heard of his situation, and visiting him, advised a trial of *Velno's Syrup*---The vegetable alterative had the desired effect, and my friend recovered---A few weeks after he met his Physician---A conference ensued---“Why, Mr. ———, I can scarce believe my sight! What restorative effected this?”

“SWAINSON'S *Syrup*, Doctor.”

“To say the truth, Mr. ———, it is a fine corrector of the juices.”

“If that is the case, why did you not order it?”

“Because it would be contrary to the rule of practice!”

S I O N H O U S E.

Soon after the erection of the handsome portico, by Adam, at the entrance of Sion House, the late Lady Beaulieu was at Windsor with her M———y, who, speaking in terms of admiration of the structure, asked Lady Beaulieu's opinion respecting its elegance; she smilingly replied, that the portico was a type of the Duke himself.—Her M———, wondering at the seeming enigma, requested an explanation.---The reply ran thus: "*Both* were too *modern* for the *ancient* House of Northumberland."---The late Duke heard the *bon. mot*, but never thought it *necessary* to remove the sting of the remark, by the publication of his pedigree.

I D E A L P A I N,

CHARLES BANNISTER was caught in a shower of rain, in Holborn, and retired
for

for shelter into a comb-maker's shop, where an old man was at work---

" I am sorry that a person, at your time of life, should have so much pain," said BANNISTER to the man.

" Pain ! I have no pain, thank God."

" Yes you must, are you not cutting your teeth ?"

THE REPLY CHURLISH.

* FOOTE was required by a vapid dramatist, who was writing, to give him some *sand* for his M. S. " Though I have got no *sand*," said FOOTE, " I have the gravel, and if you please I'll ——— upon it."

HOLLAND was the son of a baker at Chiswick, and before he died, requested Mr. GARRICK that he might be buried in Chiswick Church Yard, and that he would have a family vault erected--On the demise

of the tragedian, his wishes were fulfilled; and GARRICK took FOOTE in his carriage to shew him the mausoleum, which was built on a very small scale---When FOOTE first surveyed the sepulchre, he burst into a loud fit of laughter, and exclaimed, " By G—d, DAVY, if you had not told me it was the *family vault*, I should certainly have taken it for the *family oven*."

The ARCANUM of the COLLEGE.

" My father desired me, Sir, to *ax* you," said a physical disciple to a certain eminent pharmacopolist, " that I might attend you to all your patients, as you know, Sir, it is the last year of my time"—" You shall, BOB, you shall," replied the master; "Come, get your hat"—They entered the sick man's chamber—and the usual circumstances occurred, such as feeling the pulse, *et cetera*—After assuming an appearance of profound thought, the vender of galenicals told the wife of the sick man, with much gravity, that her husband was in extreme danger, and
that

that she had contributed to his malady by giving him oysters—The woman imagined the apothecary dealt with the devil, and at last owned the fact—When they had quitted the house, Bob enquired with much earnestness of his master, how he could possibly know that the patient had eaten oysters, “ You foolish boy,” replied the other, “ I saw some shells under the bed ”—The next time Bob went alone, and returned to his master with a ghastly visage, and told him the patient was dead by eating a horse—“ A horse, Bob,” rejoined the esculapian chief, “ how do you know that ? ”—“ Oh, easy enough, Sir ; I looked under the bed, and saw a bridle and saddle ! ”

A gentleman calling upon a friend in the city, who was attended by Dr. F——, from the west end of the town, he asked the doctor if he did not find it very inconvenient to come to his friend from such a distance. “ Not at all, Sir,” replied the inmate of death, “ for, having another patient in the adjoining street, *I can kill two*

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birds with one stone."—"Can you so," replied the sick man; "then you are too good a shot for me;" and immediately dismissed him.

"If you are not hanged," said a country justice to a horse stealer, "I'll be hanged for you."—"Very well, your worship," said the fellow, "if it should so happen, I hope you will not be out of the way!"

"What's life without passion?"

About five winters have elapsed, since Mr. PILON called on Mr. MACKLIN at noon, at his apartments in Covent Garden—The dramatic veteran had not been at home since the preceding evening, but Mrs. MACKLIN made her appearance, and seemed by her language and manner, to insinuate that Mr. PILON had been with him all night—Upon his protesting to the contrary, Mrs. MACKLIN shook her head, and exclaimed, "Aye, aye, Mr. PILON, my husband

husband is like all you Irishmen.”—“ I declare, Madam,” replied PILON, “ I do not comprehend your meaning ; will you be so kind as to be a little more explicit ? ”—“ I mean, Sir, that he is *too fond of the Ladies!* ”

Religion subservient to Sensuality.

A polish Nobleman commonly sent for his confessor, and thus accomplished his purification—“ Holy father, I now stand in need of your hallowed interference ; but as few words are best in matters of business, I must briefly inform you, that I have had the same temptations, and the same weaknesses as usual, here are the same number of ducats. Now, we understand each other—Do your duty and the affair terminates ! ”

Mrs. I——d, the dramatist, paid a visit to a dramatic manager, of notorious gallantry, and offered him a piece in five acts—The lady being handsome, and the manager

nager amorous, some circumstances ensued, which the lovely scribe did not think entirely reconcileable to feminine delicacy— However, after many struggles in catching him by the *queue*, she escaped the fangs of the scenic monarch — When she had arrived unpolluted at home, she repeated the terrific occurrence, which she accompanied with this momentous question— “What, my dear, could I have possibly done, if this Tarquin had worn a wig?”

DOCTOR ARNOLD, questioning one of the Cherokee Indians, after he had descended from the upper gallery of Saint Paul's Church, asked him, if he had ever seen such a magnificent church before? “No,” said the Indian, “in my country we have no churches, or chapels, every man there is his own king, his own priest, and his own prophet !”

Necessity is the Parent of Invention.

Forty-five moons have not diminished in the wane, since B———i, the Italian poet, was immersed up to the *os frontis* in misery—He was sick, and poor, and har-
 rassed by creditors with iron hearts—In this comfortless state, he was resolved upon taking Fortune by a *coup de main*—with this idea, he quitted his lodgings, in the habit of a vulgar woman, and went to the Orange, Cannon, and Salopian Coffee-houses; and there solicited a subscription *to bury himself*, whom he averred at that moment lay dead in Swallow-street—Poor B———i, echoed from every corner, and he raised, in the character of his own nurse, twenty pounds, from those individuals to honour him, when dead, who would not knowingly, have administered a dollar to have preserved his existence.

THE

THE EQUIP MODEST.

“Do you know what made my voice so melodious?” said a celebrated vocal performer, of aukward manners, to CHARLES BANNISTER. “No,” replied the other. “Why, then I’ll tell you; when I was but fifteen, I swallowed by accident some train oil.”—“I don’t think, my friend,” rejoined BANNISTER, “It would have done you any harm, if at the same time you had swallowed a *dancing master*!”

THE REPROOF VALIANT.

When Mr. BARNSHAW, a vulgar vocal performer, was at a town in Staffordshire, it occurred, that on the evening appropriated for his benefit, the wind blew very hard, and appearances threatened rain—In a wild perturbation of mind (peculiar to men thus situated, whose every comfort is dependant on such a night) he rushed into the street with his pipe in his mouth—cocked his coarse visage towards the firmament, and thus

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addressed the unaccommodating element—
 “ Well, master Boreas, you are going your
 lengths, I say, very prettily, perhaps you
 forget, you old bully, that it is my benefit
 night.”

While that prodigy of musical excellence,
 Mr. INCLEDON, * was at Salisbury, a fin-

* Mr. CHARLES INCLEDON is a native of Saint Keveran, in Cornwall. He is descended from a truly respectable family in the West of England—Studied music under Mr. JACKSON, of Exeter—In the last war, he entered on board the *Formidable* man of war, of 98 guns, under the command of Captain now Rear Admiral CLELAND—On the West India station, he changed his ship, and served on board the *Raisonné*, of 64 guns, then commanded by LORD HARVEY, where his vocal powers, and his sprightliness of character, endeared him to the officers and men—In this ship he attracted the notice of ADMIRAL PIGOT, Commander in chief of the grand fleet, who frequently sent for Mr. INCLEDON on board the *Formidable*, and sung catches and glees with him and ADMIRAL HUGHES. He returned to England in 1783, when ADMIRAL PIGOT, LORD MULGRAVE, and LORD HARVEY, gave him letters of recommendation to Mr. SHERIDAN and Mr. COLMAN—His first appearance on the stage was at Southampton, in *Alphonso*, in the *Castle of Andalusia*, in 1784—In 1785, he made his *entre* on the Bath Stage, in *Belville*, in *Rosina*, on which night Miss BRUNTON made her first dramatic essay in the *Grecian Daughter*.

gular

gular manœuvre was practised by one of the Dramatic squad, who had frequently performed in the town, but had never been successful on his benefit night—He watched in the church porch, until the Rector had nearly ceased to badger Satan for that day—He then began to cover the tomb-stones in the cemetery with his bills—Excited by the oddity of the measure, many made enquiries into the cause.—“ I cannot get the living to come to my benefit,” replied the discomfited Actor, “ so I am trying what influence I have with the dead.”

MACKLIN and LEE LEWES.

When the Play of *the Man of the World* was first getting up, the part of *Lord Lumbarcourt* was sent to LEE LEWES,* who took such

* The disappointment that excellent Comedian, LEE LEWES, met with, in his laudable endeavour to improve his fortune in the East, is unparalleled in the history of the Stage. It will scarcely be believed, at a future period, that among his own Countrymen, a power so arbitrary

such a dislike to it, that he never attended any of the rehearsals, till he found the play

existed, that he should not only be refused the privilege of speaking, but not even suffered to remain among them, while Foreigners from every clime resided there, unqualified by any previous permission. What advantage this performer lost by such an extraordinary event, the public may judge by his following receipts on one night, which I have been able most accurately to procure. He did not perform himself, but two Farces were generously acted by the Military and Civil Officers of the Settlement—viz.

	Rupees
From Lord Cornwallis on his first arrival	- 1000
Ditto on the night of his benefit	- 324
Mr. Wall - - -	80
Mr. Gardner - - -	32
Mr. Hope - - -	120
Dr. Stark - - -	80
Mr. Burnet - - -	80
Mr. Jos. Williams -	80
The Bucks Lodge	1120
Mr. Lambert - - -	320
Mr. Rofs - - -	330
Mr. L. P. Gardner	100
The Sircar for tickets fold at the Theatre	4419
Mr. Cock - - -	78
Dr. Wilfon - - -	80
Mr. Cotton - - -	80
Mr. Hall - - -	160
Mr. I. Wilton - - -	80
Mr. R. Graham - -	80
Capt. Grace - - -	80
Capt. Gray - - -	80
Capt. Gordon - - -	82
Mr. Kennedy - - -	100
Lady Jones - - -	80
Dr. Robinson - - -	80
Mr. Hewit - - -	100
Mr. Shakespear - -	80
Mr. Suetonius Grant, at Heatley - - -	320
Capt. Buckannon - -	71
Major Skelly - - -	100
Mr. T. Rowarth - -	208
Mr. Cooper the Printer	176
After Money by the Sircar - - -	80
Lieut. Humphries - -	80
Mr. Hickey - - -	80
Mr. G. Elliot - - -	80
Mr. Prondergast - -	80
Mr. Keighly - - -	160
Mr. Rundell - - -	80
	10,470

was actually advertised for performance, when MACKLIN addressed him thus: " So, Sir, you have thought proper to attend at last. What, Sir, do you but read your part now, and the play is to be acted in a few days." LEE LEWES bore this rebuke patiently, but at the conclusion of one of his speeches, MACKLIN exclaimed, " Sir, Sir, you can't even read the part; how should you act it, Sir?" When LEE LEWES, no longer able to endure his pertinacious insolence, replied, " Sir, I must be very stupid indeed, if I could not comprehend such stuff as this. Mr. MACKLIN, you are at all times so rude, that I had rather serve six months on board the hulks, than attend any Rehearsal where you are." MACKLIN instantly went up to the prompter, and said, " Sir, give me my child." He took the manuscript, buttoned it under his coat, and wished the Ladies and Gentlemen a good morning—LEE LEWES was never after called to a Rehearsal, and the part was given to WILSON. The next season it fell

into the hands of LEE LEWES—When he came off the stage, on the first night of his performing in the play, MACKLIN clapt him on the shoulder, and said, “ I must give the devil his due, you play the part very well.”

A RUM DUKE.

When the Duke and Duchess of R—— were travelling in Kent, they alighted at an inconsiderable inn, where the host was uncommonly savage--the Duke, supposing that he did not know the quality of his guest, told the landlord, with some *fierte*, that he had a privy counsellor in his house, who could commit any insolent fellow to prison, in any manner that he thought fit—“ That moay bee,” said the man rather coarsely, “but I does not care for a counsellor, any more than for an excoiseman ; I poys scot and lot, and all the counsellors in Britain may kifs my —”. “ What, fellow,” rejoined his Grace, “ have you no regard for your superior officer ? But I’ll make a circumvallation about your fortification, you miscreant, and

spring

spring a mine, and blow you to perdition--I'll take out my *dedimus* here immediately," said he to the Duchefs.--" Oh fie, my lord Duke, don't think of it in such a situation as this." ---" I will, by the Lord," roared the prince of redoubts.---" Nay, then, as I see your Grace is determined," rejoined the lady, " for the sake of decency, stay till the fellow leaves the room."

ANOTHER.

The late DUKE of CUMBERLAND met GIBBON, the celebrated historian, at CHRISTIE'S, in Pall-Mall—The following dialogue ensued—" Ah, GIBBON, how are you?" " I am well, I hope your Royal Highness is well."—" So, so, like a poor mantua-maker, as a body may say; but I suppose you are at your old trade of basket making, hey, GIBBON, scribble, scribble, scribble, scribble!"—The developer of roman facts, looked piteous on the sprig of royalty, and tacitly left him.

When DOCTOR JOHNSON was at the library at Buckingham house, the king said, "Doctor, you have written very much in your time."—Too much, I fear, Sir," rejoined the lexicographer.—"Perhaps I should think so too," resumed his Majesty, "if you had not written so well."

When the ——— was ill, he was amused at chess, but Dr. W—— getting the advantage, his ——— kicked the table and men about the room ; in consequence, Dr. ——— thought it expedient to use coercion. While the ——— was in this state, Sir George B—— entered the room, "Ah, Sir George," said the ———, "I am happy you are come ; do you know I have been playing at chess with that fellow W——, and because I beat him, you see he has given me *check-mate*."

I am

" I am told Lord M—— and his lady are both ideots, and eternally quarrelling," said General I——n to Lady TOLLEMACHE. " You have been mis-informed, General," replied the lady, " because there is a good understanding between them."

EPIGRAMMATIC COLLOQUY,

Between a SCOT and TRUTH,
upon Mr. BURKE's Pamphlet.

By A. P.

SCOT.

You perceive, Mistress Truth, how for want o'th'
filler,
Calamity goads him from post unto pillar !

TRUTH.

You have reckoned, my friend, without asking your
host;
EDMUND's done with the *pillar*,* he now seeks a
post.

* Alluding to the pompous imposition relative to the
pillar for Rennymede.

GOUPY.

GOUPLY.

Goupy attended as an assistant Drawing Master at the Palace of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales. While he was there, his present Majesty, being then Prince George, and a very little boy, for some trifling *faux pas* was ordered to stand behind the chair as a prisoner.—Goupy was commanded to go on with his drawing; “How can I,” replied the artist, “make a drawing worthy the attention of your Royal Highness, when I see the Prince standing behind your chair under your displeasure?” You may return to your seat, Sir, said the good-natured Prince of Wales, but remember Goupy has released you.

As Goupy grew old, he became very poor. At the accession of his present Majesty he was eighty-four.

Soon after that period, walking in pensive mood and piteous plight, in the Kensington road, he observed the royal carriage, and pulled off his hat. The face of
the

the old man caught the King's eye, he ordered the coach to stop, called the friendless artist to the door, and asked him "how he went on, and what he had to live upon?"

"Little enough, in truth," replied the old man, but as I was once so happy as to take your Majesty out of a prison, I hope you will not suffer me to go into one."

"Indeed I will not," replied the King.

"Until I enquire farther about your situation, you shall be paid a guinea a week."

This the poor man received a few weeks, at the end of which time he died.

ZINK.

When Zink was in the greatest practice, he was in a very bad state of health, and being well respected by a number of the most celebrated physicians, had their assistance and advice. All of them pronounced that he was in a decline, but about the method of cure they were not unanimous. Some prescribed one drug, and some another, and one of them prescribed breast-milk,

The

The drugs he swallowed, but the breast-milk he did not much relish the thought of. Finding himself grow rather worse than better, and being told that air and exercise were the best remedies for his complaint, he tasked himself to walk through the Park, and up Constitution Hill, every morning before breakfast. This did not relieve him; but from habit rather than hope, he still continued his perambulations. One summer morning a handsome young woman, very meanly clad, with a child about six weeks old in her arms, asked his charity. He gave her some pence, and enquired how she came into her present distressed situation. Her history was short: she had been a servant, she became partial to a footman in the same house, and married him; they were both turned away; the man had no other resource but to enlist; he had become a soldier; was sent abroad; she had never heard from him since, had been delivered of the child now at her breast, for whose support and her own she should beg till her infant was a few months older, when she should try to get some more reputable employ-

employment,---“ Her frankness,” said Zink,
 “ *bleazed* me;---her face *bleazed* me;---her
 complexion *bleazed* me;---I gave her my
 direction; she came to me; I took her and
 her infant into my house; I did bring myself
 to take her milk; it recovered me; I made
 enquiry after her husband, and found he
 was killed in the first engagement he was in,
 at the pillaging a village in Germany. I
 married her, and a better wife no man ever
 had.”

With this woman he lived near twenty
 years. The foldier's child he educated for
 the army, and promised to get him a com-
 mission, when he was twenty-one, but the
 boy died at fourteen.

By Monsieur Zink she had two children,
 each of them were well provided for, and
 one of them was a very few years since alive
 and well situated in a Northern Province.

Am

An Anecdote in high life.—A charming widowed DUCHESS of much celebrity, happening lately, in a select company of the first fashion, to allude to the ravages made by the *iron hand of time*, in the empire of LOVE and BEAUTY, an amiable and accomplished Prince then present, very happily quoted the speech of TITUS to BERNICE, and with much good-natured gallantry exclaimed---

“ —————chaque jour je la vois,

“ Et je la vois toujours, pour la premiere fois !

THE
CURATE
AND HIS
DAUGHTER.*
A T A L E.

Inconstant Fortune light as air,
Involves us now in black despair;
Now soothes with flattering smiles;
In disappointments takes delight,
And, mocking us in cruel spite,
All human kind beguiles.

KING of PRUSSIA, to COUNT BRUHL.



IF thou art a Curate, O reader, and hast
already *one* parish in thy possession, be con-
tented, and seek not to have *two*. Be as-

* I have compressed and altered this story from a
novel, which I thought (though interlarded with vulga-
risms and excrescences) contained some incidents as beau-
tiful and impressive, as any in MARMONTEL, STERNE,
or ROUSSEAU.

sured

fixed that Contentment is better than to have
two livings.

Many good people, besides Shakespeare, have been born upon the Avon; and one of them was the Curate of the Parish of Elmwood. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his daughter JULIA remained.

This old Parson could do many things besides eat his pudding, drink his October and collect his tithes;—important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of Curate.—He carried the sciences in his head, and morality in his heart—I mean, so far as they are connected with manners or sentiment—Added to this, he preached an excellent sermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout; but above all, he loved, most dearly loved, his beautiful daughter JULIA.

And well did she deserve his love.—
Sweet Maid! If ever I forget thee, may
my fancy lose her flights, and my pen its
movements! If ever I forget the majestic
elegance of thy form—or the liquid blue
swimming in thy eye—or the half-rose half-
lily colours glowing on thy cheek, like the
streaks of the West in a July evening—

Her person had all those undescribable
points of divine beauty, which the pure
imagination ascribes to angels—Her mind
was fashioned by the sciences—Her disposi-
tion by charity, and her sentiment by truth.

The mansion of these contented relatives
rose in the centre of the parish—it was
neither stately nor proud—like its inhabi-
tants, it was modest, and seemed to retire
into an obscure and silent glade, formed be-
tween various clumps of shrubbery, and
a ridge of rising ground. At a small dis-
tance rolled the silver Avon, ever musical,
now mantling over a rocky channel, and
now gliding through plains and fields co-
vered with wild flowers.

Through these fields, and along these skirted banks, full oft did the Curate and his daughter pursue their walk—In that sweet hour of the evening, when the Sun seems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleasing beam over the landscape, then might you see them wander arm in arm, and slowly on the Avon-side. “JULIA (he would say to his daughter) my dear JULIA, you and my parish are the comforts of my life. Ye are all my children—but you, JULIA, you are my friend—The thirsty loves not to drink, nor the weary to rest, more than I love to look upon *you*—What would become of me, JULIA, wert thou gone? and when I am gone, my daughter, what will become of thee?”—“I hope, father, we shall die both together.”—“God grant it! God grant it!” answered the good old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighbouring parish disturbed their tranquillity. The vicar of that parish died.—The moment

ment our Curate was informed of this, it roused one of his worst passions: he had now but one wish to be gratified in this world; and that was—to have the neighbouring vicarage in possession. “My dear father (said the unambitious JULIA) have we not competence? and does not competence afford us felicity? and is not this sufficient?”—Ay, all that was very true: but then the vicarage lay so snug—just at his own door; and he wanted to have it in his power to leave something to his JULIA after his death.

But much remained yet to be done. The Curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) got the start of his judgment. He did not consider that Lord C——, the patron of the living, resided at London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither—for personal application is absolutely necessary in these cases: Besides, the clergy, though they are continually advising their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of Heaven

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only,

only, have an irresistible propensity to keep their own eyes uniformly fixed upon the good things of this earth—Every moment, therefore, was important—to lose a minute was to lose the vicarage;—and while he was talking, some other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, might be posting to his Lordship in Berkley-Square.

The old man became now greatly agitated; and that bosom, which ought to have been the mansion of resignation and peace, was disturbed by restless wishes and ill-timed despair. The sympathetic soul of JULIA was tumultuous; her heart throbbed with guiltless pangs, and she felt for the griefs of her father. She tried to soothe him, but tried in vain: she argued against his wishes, but she was arguing against the follies of old age, which are incurable.

The evening came, but came not as usual; this man of despair was unconscious of its charms—His soul was deaf to the voice of Nature, even when her notes were
sweetest

sweetest—at the close of the day. He listened not to the minstrelsy of the hinds, nor the choral harmony of the groves; the flocks clustered in the meadows unnoticed: and the sun poured his evening glories over the hamlet unregarded—Even JULIA did not charm him: he saw her kneel at his side without emotion, and he heard her sighs without pity.

Here a father and a friend was lost to happiness—the only friend too she had in the world—and sorrows much less than these would have murdered the peace of JULIA.—She had already knelt by the side of her worn parent: she now clasped his hand closely in her own, and fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuse her one request—“What was that?”—To permit *her* to go to London, and solicit the living.

Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of JULIA was pathetic, and it awakened him—His affections returned in an instant: he leaned over his daughter,

and gave her to understand, that it was impossible to grant her request; that he would not part with her for a bishoprick; and that she must not think to part with him—She replied; he answered; and she re-answered: in short, the contest was long, stubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with Nature, a richer quality—Suffice it to say, that JULIA conquered; and she obtained, with great difficulty, what she called the honourable office of being her father's messenger.

It has been observed already, that dispatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be lost, it was agreed that she should set off the next morning. The Warwick stage passed through the neighbouring market-town, and she might walk thither to meet it. The old man retired to get his letters ready, and JULIA to make her little preparations for her calamitous journey.

How

How they slept, themselves knew best ; but when the morning came, the Curate's opinions were entirely changed. " He had thought better upon the subject, and he was resolved not to let her go—The roads were dangerous, and London was still more so—besides, she might turn sick—or the coach might be overturned---she might be killed--and he should never see her more." JULIA knew that these fears were only the tender workings of timid nature, and she opposed them. In short, the contest was renewed with its former warmth ; and the affection of the daughter triumphed once more over the tenderness of the father. He consented again to let her go, on condition that JOE, his labourer, his gardener, his footman, his hostler, his every thing, should attend her with his friendly care---should be the companion of her journey.

Now this JOE was the awkwardest mortal---Never, sure, did a more simple 'squire page it at the heels of a fair lady---Neither the Sancho of Don Quixote, nor the Pedrillo of Rosalva, were more arrant chil-

dren of Nature—were guided by more native simplicity.—He and his occupations seemed made for each other, so exactly were they respectively fitted. He was never famous but for two things; viz. for whistling, after his team, the loudest and most musical notes of any in the village—and for knitting stockings: this was all the reputation he had in this garish world—on his forehead sat candour, unprofitably enthroned, and on his tongue truth—His visage was the symbol of integrity—His ruddy cheek was tinted like a cloud in the west, at the eve of a glorious day—The sensations of guilt had not deranged the line of human beauty!

Now, reader, stop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey—A village virgin, pure as the snow-drop in the valley, attended by a village boor, are setting out for London—For *London* I say—in quest of a vicarage! The thing was worthy of a village curate—The de-

scend

scnt of Eneas into Hell was, in comparison of this, walking upon carpets,

*Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum——*

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles distant. Without palfrey, armour, or other retinue, than the children of the neighbourhood. JULIA and her father led the van, and the rest followed—JOE, as if conscious that he was entering upon a service of danger, assumed a statelier port and a more august expression than usual; with a clean shirt in his left pocket, bacon and cheese in his right, and an oak sapling in his hand, he towered majestically in the midst of the children, with stern aspect and long strides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part—On this trying occasion I could say much, but will not—To describe the glances of affection, and the looks of love, which glistened in every eye—
which

which played in every feature, would be tedious : I shall therefore content myself with informing them, that in this difficult scene the simple heart of the curate failed him ; his eyes confessed it, and he played the woman. The curate marched slowly back at the head of his young flock, and our two travellers set forward to the market town with hasty step and high expectations.

Having now begun a journey, we must be expeditious. They arrived at the market-town, met the stage coach, and took their appropriate stations—JULIA in the inside, and JOE, like her guardian angel, perched above her upon the top—They went smoothly on, till they arrived at the lane which is three miles on the west side of Uxbridge ; when a very civil gentleman came to the window, and desired them to give him all the money they had—The gentleman at the window was far from being unpolite, considering he had declared war against society—He bespoke them very
gently

gently, beginning at the right hand, and following them all, man by man, and woman by woman, till he went round to the left side—A boisterous cornet of dragoons was unhappily the first, and he gave his purse with a sullen silence—JULIA was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durst not look towards the window—A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few shillings back, to carry him to St. Paul's—A little fat woman surrendered her purse, with a threat; and a plain-dressed man regretted he had not more for so accomplished a gentleman.

When they arrived at the inn each, expressed their sorrows as their feelings prompted: but they were now to enter upon their last stage, and none had such weighty cause to be aggrieved as JULIA, who had not a friend before her—To go forward was madness, and to go back was impossible—What was she to do?—She called in JOE, and asked if he had provided himself with any money, in case of an emergency.

emergency. — “Yes, that he had—and
 “there it was at her service”—throwing
 down his entire stock upon the table, which
 in the whole amounted to the sum of three
 shillings and ninepence—This made despair
 more black—It was her first misfortune;
 and she thought it but an uncouth entrance
 into a base world.

The officer now entered the room; and
 seeing JOE there, began to upbraid him for
 suffering the highwayman to escape, when
 he was seated so advantageously at the top,
 with an oaken sapling in his hand—“You
 “stupid oaf! (said this military hero) why
 “did you not attack him?”—“’Case I had
 “not a sward by my side, like you (replied
 JOE, with the greatest frankness)—he—he
 “—he! icod, every man to his trade, mea-
 ster!”—The argument was unanswerable.

The officer now walked up to JULIA,
 whose embarrassment he perceived; and
 taking her aside, told her he guessed the
 cause of her sorrow, and that he was happy
 he had it in his power to remove it: “For
 (continued

continued he) I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and leave myself unprovided with resources. Here (said he, untying his stock, and shaking out of it a slender green purse) here is my *corps de reserve*: I gave the robber a few shillings, and I secured this for your use."—Now JULIA examined the face of this affair simply as it stood—It was a case of necessity; and she thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from Elmwood, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuse the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her sorrows. She might have an opportunity of hinting the matter to Lord C——— when she saw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon the vicarage, and thus all would be right again—She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when she saw her noble friend Lord C———, she hoped to be able to repay him. "Lord C——! (said he)—what—you are going to visit him?"—Yes, Sir.—"O---a relation, I presume, Madam?" "No, Sir---only a friend: his Lordship and my father were
great

great friends when they were young, and at school."---" Aye, aye---your father, I presume, Madam, lives in the country?"---

" Yes, Sir ; he's Curate of Elmwood, near ***** in Warwickshire."

" Your visit, Ma'am---is it a visit of pleasure or business?"---" Business, Sir : I am only

come to town with a letter from my father to Lord C----- to solicit the living of *****."---

" O, I understand you, Ma'am. Lord C----- is my particular acquaintance,

and it will give me pleasure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you

safely and honorably to his Lordship.--Would you chuse to alight, Ma'am, at any particular

place in London?"---" No (said the simple JULIA) I intend to stay at the inn all

night, and to wait upon his Lordship in the morning."---

" Ah ! Madam (replied the Officer) you do not know the confusion,

the disgust, and danger you will meet with at the inn : I have a mother in town, who

lives elegantly : Be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her house : She will

receive you with chearfulness, and treat you with tenderness. May I perish, Madam---

may

May I beg the honour to know your name, Madam?"—JULIA---" May I perish, Miss JULIA, but I am interested in your case as sincerely as if you was my own sister!" This last proposal was better and better. To meet so good a friend at once!—She was certain her father's prayers for her were heard; and she thought she could not be too thankful to Heaven—nor to the Gentleman. She accepted his offer; and they mounted the stage-coach once more.

As the stage-coachman was at this place paid his full demand, there was nothing to be done but to roll into town, and go where they pleased. The fat woman lived in Holborn, and the coach stopt to set her down. " Here too, Madam (said the " Officer to JULIA) we may get out, for " we are near our home."—The artful abruptness and hurry of the summons—the consciousness of finding herself suddenly in the midst of the immense metropolis, where she already saw strange things, and expected to see still stranger—her total ignorance of every thing around her—her hopes—her
 expec-

expectations—her simplicity—all contributed to throw her mind into confusion, and her spirits into a flutter : She forgot every thing—she forgot even JOE—and JOE, alas! forgot her ; for he was exactly in the same predicament—He was astonished : he was in a new world : his recollection forsook him, and a mist wandered over his eyes : he sat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing. In this cloud JULIA escaped ; and she neither spoke nor looked around her, till her gallant commander led her into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—Now when a young Gentleman, with a young Lady by his side, who is resolved to follow him, finds himself in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, the road to Covent-Garden lies direct : 'tis only going up Queen-street, crossing the *Lane* and the *Acre*, and there you are.—He conducted her into a house in the Piazza. Where the polite inhabitants received the young Gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an old acquaintance, which convinced JULIA that he was *-quite at home.*

Now

Now, gentle reader, while JULIA and her friend are seated at a bottle of Madeira, recollect and confess, whether we have not journied well.—From the banks of the Avon—from the mansion of innocence—from the warm bosom of a father—to place our rural virgin on the very throne of perdition. Now, ye guardian spirits, whether Sylphs, Genii, or Fairies—if ye have any regard for devoted purity—now open your golden eyes, now ply your silver pinions—for innocence is in danger.—And now, thou wretched old man, thou ambitious Curate of Elmwood—rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers—for your daughter, your JULIA, *is in a Bagnio*—and without a fear !

Every thing that passed around JULIA in this house appeared too plausible for her eyes to be opened, or her suspicion to be roused—for she had never been in a Tavern before : and as to the incessant tinkling of bells, and the incessant running of waiters—why, bells and servants must be in all great families, and, no doubt, must be con-

tinually employed.—The deception, I say, was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except in one instance: it puzzled her to conceive why they should be conducted into a *bed-chamber*! But perhaps (she thought) it was the fashion in London, and fashion is irresistible.

He philtered the beverage, and JULIA drank sparingly, but not so her companion—he was to attempt the gaining of a difficult post, and the coward wanted spirits—It is a tribute paid to Virtue, that, though it be lodged in the possession of but a frail and weak tenement, its spoiler, before he attempts to ruin it, must call to his assistance the aids of inebriety. At length his eyes glistened, and his cheek glowed—he snatched the hand of JULIA—fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love—if, Indeed, he loved JULIA, it was with the sensations of a tyger.

She started from his embraces, and retreated some paces from her chair—He followed, and renewed the attack, and
JULIA

JULIA her resistance: he grew stronger, he grew wilder: his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before) and he became furious—JULIA became faint—she was yielding—her tender frame was exhausted, and she could only shriek!—A shriek was a new thing in these apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face besmeared with sweat, kicked open the door, and rushed violently into the room, with all the zeal of a man who was to assist the distressed—The Officer let go his hold of JULIA, and she threw herself breathless upon a chair. The man in dishabille stared at them both alternately, now at JULIA, and now at the Officer, and at length broke silence:

“ What! force!—Why, thou damnable and silly animal, what dirty business is this you are engaged in?—*forcing* a woman to your wishes!—To *force* a woman in any place is a meanness that no man of honour will stoop to—but to force one *here*—in

this house—D-mn you ! you scoundrel ! get out——walk off, or I'll kick you.”

We need not be surprized that the Officer was mean enough to take his advice—He looked at the man in dishabille as if he had recollected something, and left the room precipitately.

“ And now, my Angel (said the gentleman in the boot to JULIA, taking her by the hand) let us drink a glass or two, and I dare say *we* shall agree better.”—Oh ! Sir ! (replied JULIA, clasping her hands and falling on her knees before him)—have mercy on me !—pity me !—or you will kill me.—“ Pshaw, my dear ! I never kill *quite* upon these occasions—you will but *die* at the most.—But, child, you look d-mn'd serious upon this business—Is any thing the matter with you ?—Oh, Sir ! answered JULIA, in tears, I don't know where I am, and I don't know where to go—I am just come to town in the Warwick stage.—“ In the Warwick stage !—what, through Uxbridge ?”—Yes.—“ And was that fellow
one

one of the company?—Yes.—“ Whe—w!
 —And you met a highwayman, didn’t
 you?—Yes.—“ That was me, by G--d!”---
 Here JULIA shrieked, terrified at the sound
 of the name; but he stopped her in good
 time: “ You must not be afraid (said he)
 for I won’t hurt you---don’t be surprised,
 it’s d--d vulgar to be surprised at any thing--
 Tell me honestly, are you virtuous or not?
 —that is, are you a maid?—Oh! *upon* my
 honour, Sir.—“ How came you here then,
 in company with that fellow?”—When you
 took—I mean Sir, when I lost all my
 money—he advanced some for me; and as
 I had no friends in London, promised to
 take care of me, and bring me to his
 mother’s, till to-morrow, when I could have
 finished all my business.--“ Then you are
really honest?”---As I love Heaven and my
 father, Sir, I am.---“ You are a lovely
 girl, and it is a pity so fine a woman *should*
be honest---But I believe you, and will be
 your friend---nay I will guard you from
 harm---for, by G---d! I am a man of
 honour! and though misfortune and my evil
 spirit force me sometimes to the highway, I

scorn to do a mean thing.---In the first place, as you lost your money, you shall divide this purse with me.---In the next place, you are now in a house full of wh-res and scoundrels---I must leave it myself in a minute, in case that fellow should have *twigg'd* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too---Trust yourself with me, and I will take care of you till morning."---JULIA told him he could not serve her more agreeably than by carrying her to the inn where the stage and JOE were.---That, he said, was more than he dare do---but he would carry her to a place equally or more secure---So saying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his *road-dress*, and adjust the rest.

If the reader has any imagination, he will conceive how JULIA's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they were interrupted by the re-entrance of the young highwayman, who appeared now to be an elegant handsome fellow—He paid the reckoning, and they departed: It was between nine and ten in the evening.

They

They had not quitted the Piazza, when four of Sir JOHN FIELDING's men rushed forward, and seized the highwayman with the most incredible activity. They swept him away, as the whirlwind sweeps the leaves in autumn, and buoys them the Lord knows where—JULIA ran too, nor cast one look behind—She continued to go forward (as she thought) till she had ran a great way; and then stopping for breath, she was exactly on the spot from whence she set out—she had only run *round* the Garden, not suspecting but she was going forward in a straight line. “Madam! Madam! (said an Irish chairman to her) do you want a chair?” I don't know what I want. My fait, but I do—you want to be carried to STARLING's, my jewel, which I and CONNOR will do in no time.”—My good friend, if you can carry me to an honest place, I shall blefs you for ever.—“Honest *plase*!—my hony, an if I know one honest *plase* in the whole town—Ha, ha, ha!—honest *plase*!—Ah, you cunning strap—To be sure you want to go to an honest *plase*!—Ha, ha, ha!—Here you, Mr. Watchman—this

lady wants to go to an honest *plase*—Can't you shew her the way?" "Aye, that I can (replied the watchman)—Ah, Madam, is it you?—I know you of old—Come along with me: you shall go to the honestest place in all king George's dominions—the *Round-house*."—The watchman happened just at that time to want a pot of beer; but JULIA not understanding his meaning, to the Round-house he led her in triumph.—Poor JULIA!—

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of insensibility.—The suddenness and horror of the last adventure were too much for her—her faculties lost their power, and her recollection was suspended—She was led by the watchman without knowing whither she was going, and she was dragged along without feeling that he held her by the arm—But she had not been long seated at the top of the bench, where they placed her near the fire, before she awakened from her stupor—She tremulously looked around, and saw herself seated in the midst of a horrible assembly, whose miscreantic visages would
make

make Angels weep and Demons tremble.—
High above the rest, like the Evil Spirit
in Pandemonium, sat the constable of the
night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in
his mouth, and a tankard on a stool before
him.—“ Here (said this man in office) you
snoring Dick, reach this-here tankard to
that-there Lady, and then bring her before
me for examination.—Oh ! she won’t drink !
Well, well, that’s all one—if she does not
drink she’ll pay : so bring her forward
here.”

JULIA now advanced : her cheeks were
suffused with tears, her breath quickened,
and her whole frame trembled.

“ Ay, ay, (said the constable) you
may well shake when you look at me.—
Hem ! what account can you give of your-
self, Miss ?—No, that’s not it neither :
I’ll begin with you, I think, Mister
Watchman—Where did you find this here
Lady here, snoring Dick ?”

“ Found

"Found her! (replied Dick) why, please your Worship, I found her picking a gemmun's pockets."

"Picking a gemmun's pockets!—Mercy on us!—O ho, Miss, you may well shake when you look at me.—Well, Dick, go on."

"And so, Sir, as she was a picking the gemmun's pockets, as I was a saying, I comes close behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact?"

"In the fact?"

"In the fact."

"Transportation, by the lord Harry.—Well, go on, Dick."

"And so, Sir, as I catches her hand, she turns about, stoops down for one of her pattens, and before you could say *cavy*, hits me the nastiest blow on the skull I ever had in my life since the great riot.—You'll please

please to feel, Mister Constable, here is the lump as big as a half gallon.

“ Ay, God blefs me ! so it is---it’s a thumper, i’ faith.”

“ A thumper ! it will stand damages. I never had such a blow in my life.---I wa’ant ye it bleeds under my hair--It stounded me like a stock-fish.”

“ Ay, its a clear case, she wanted to murder you.”

“ Yes.”

“ Oh, the horrid monster !—Well, Madam, have you nothing to say for yourself ? —Ah, you impudent—Dick, take off her patten, that we may carry it before Sir JOHN in the morning.”

“ Ay, that I will, Mister Constable ; the patten will speak for itself, and a d-mn’d heavy patten it is.”

DICK

DICK stooped, but JULIA wore no pattens.

“ Ah, the cunning Devil! (continued DICK) she has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw something away as we came along.”

“ Oh, let her alone! (said the constable) ---she’s a knowing-one: but she shall doll it in Bridewell to morrow, for all that.----- Ay, you may well shake when you look at me, you bloody-minded---You may now return to your seat.”

As JULIA was returning to her bench, she trembled incessantly, but never uttered a syllable.---“ Oh, (said DICK) she is dumb-founded with the highnousness of her crime.” “ No (replied a second) she’s drunk.” “ Not so far gone neither (echoed a third) but a quartern of gin would recover her.”

“ Ay, ay, (said the constable) there’s no doubt but she’ll drink; and its her turn now to fend out. Please, Madam, to give this

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this gemmun money for a gallon of True-man's best, and for half a gallon of hot, and four papers of bacco, and for a loaf, and three pound of Cheshire.—Here, Scout; walk over, firrah, to the Lady, and make her your Sunday's bow---Bring every thing of the best, and then we'll drink to the Lady's health, and to poor snoring Dick's head; and old Ugly-face in the corner, yonder, will sing us the comical song about the Cat and the Taylor, and make his wry faces, and we'll be as happy as Princes."

When this oration was finished, Scout made his obeisance to JULIA.---She was just able to ask him what he wanted?---" Money, Madam."---How much must you have?---" Oh, you may let me have five or six shillings, and I'll make the best market I can, and return you the rest faithfully, Madam, upon my honour!---And if that won't be enough, I'll return for more."

JULIA felt in her pocket for her purse (which the highwayman had given her) but she could not find it---it was gone!

On

On seeing this, the president bawled out immediately, that it was " a sham ! " and JULIA protested in vain---The company around heard this with an arch smile ; the watchmen shook their heads, and the constable grew noisy ; which awakened an old gentleman who had hitherto slept very soundly in a corner---Estimating the thing as favourably as possible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman---The truth is, he was no other than the well-known Mr. B---, who once had three thousand a year, though he has not now sixty. He had been lounging, as usual, for eight or nine hours in a Coffee-house in the Garden, and then withdrew, as he frequently does, to the watch-house, either to sleep or drink---On this last account, he was regarded there with some degree of respect.

He naturally enquired the cause of the noise ; and the majority informed him, that it was " only a *Madam* there, who had pretended she had lost her purse."---JULIA appealed to him in her turn ; and, with that

that unaffected simplicity which plays about the arguments of truth, informed him, "that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the street;---that she was positive she had her purse at that time, *because a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before*---that from that time she had only walked thither with the watchman, and now she missed her money."

"Which watchman was it?" said the gentleman.

"Me!"---replied Snoring Dick, boldly.

Was it *you*? (repeated Mr. B---). Ah, Dick! you and I, you know, are old acquaintance, and it is long since I have known you to be a scoundrel---Therefore, firrah, deliver the purse."

"Me! (answered Dick)---Have I the purse?---I'll be d--mn'd if I have any purse about me."

"You haven't?"

"No."

“ And you won't deliver ?”

“ No—”

“ Why then, Mr. Constable, I charge you with——”

“ Except indeed (interrupted Dick eagerly) something that I picked up in the street, as I was coming along with that there lady.”

“ Ah, you old fox ! (said the gentleman) I thought I should unkennel you. Where is this *something* that you *picked up from the street* ?”

Here it is—but it does not belong to her.”

“ Pray, Madam (said Mr. B——, addressing JULIA) is this your purse ?”

“ If it has a gold tassel at either end (answered JULIA) it is mine, Sir, upon my honour.”

It had so—was delivered to her, and Mr. B—— immediately retired back into his corner to sleep.

JULIA

JULIA now willingly paid all the demands made upon her; and the president observed to her, "that as to be sure as how she was a good-natured lady, and civil, and all them there things, and had *given a good account* of herself, why, to be sure, she might go about her business."

JULIA thanked him, but mentioned, that she did not know whither to go till morning. "Not know! (said the constable)---why there are five hundred beds around you, where you may sleep for half-a-crown."---But she was a stranger in town, and did not chuse to venture into strange houses.

"LORD, Ma'am (observed snoring DICK) for sixpence I'll conduct you to a *bagnio* where you will be as safe as if you was in the Tower."—She started at hearing a *bagnio* mentioned.—"Why then, Ma'am, if so be as you are shy, and a'n't proud, hire me well, and I'll let you sleep in my house.—There's nobody there but my wife.—I'll seek but five shillings, and your purse can well spare that."

This proposal did not require to be repeated.—JULIA took him at his word—Even though he took her purse, as he was a poor man, she thought she might be safe in his house for a night—Besides, she was pleased with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more—With DICK, therefore, she went into one of the little streets behind Long-Acre, and followed him into a three-pair-of-stairs room; humble enough, indeed, but where all was silence—DICK awakened his wife, told her the story, whispered her to look sharp after her lodger, and left them.

JULIA chatted a little while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough for a watch man's wife—The first thing she begged of her was to be favoured with pen, ink, and paper—She got these readily; the landlady retired to bed; and JULIA wrote the following letter:

“ AH! my dear father, shall we ever meet again?—When shall we meet?—Are you well?—Shall I ever see you? and ah! shall you ever see me?

“ I am

" I am now—alas ! I do not know where I am—nor where I have been—nor where I shall be to-morrow. I seem an out-cast from society : I have not met one friend since I left you : every one deceives me—every one insults me : they have treated me cruelly—they have broke my heart—Even JOE has forsaken me : he has deserted me, or he is lost—or I know not what is become of him.

" Ah, my father ! my dear father !—that Heaven which we both serve, let that Heaven bear witness, that *one* wish alone fills my whole soul---the wish to see you once more, to talk with you, to gaze upon you, to sit once more by your knee.—I would rush into your bosom : I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forsake it—never, never !"

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate (as it has been mine, and as it is at this moment many a nobler fellow's) to be sitting in that lofty habitation called a garret, plunged in deep distress—no pence

in your purse, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly—if this has been your case, you must well know the comfort that arises from shedding your sorrows in secret—the relief that flows from a shower of solitary tears—In such a situation, next to instantaneous and absolute relief, it is the first of blessings, and JULIA now felt it in all its force—Her heart was eased, and she hoped for a night of rest and better days—Having sealed up her letter, she retired to a bed so humble that it kissed the very ground.

She slept nine hours incessantly, and, when she awoke, found her head resting upon the partition-wall which rose at the back of her bed.

At the expiration of this time JULIA arose---Snoring DICK had retired for an hour, to sleep away the fatigues of the night and of the beer pot---His wife was at breakfast, and invited JULIA to partake of her bohea---She consented willingly; and the woman, who had but one dish, politely offered it to her guest, and took for her

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own use a pint-pot from which her husband had been drinking beer.

This repast over, Dick awakened; JULIA, who was during breakfast-time devising what measures to follow, proposed at first to engage him to go along with her to the inn where JOE and the stage-coach were;---but on recollecting the dangers she had already experienced in the streets, she resolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman---She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring JOE along with him to the place where she was. DICK readily assented to this proposal for the hire of a half-crown; which, he stipulated, should be paid him before he set off, as well as the crown for the bed---All this he received on the spot, with the letter for her father to be put into the Post-Office. He now departed, assuring her, that though she had not the name of the inn to give him, he could readily discover it.

It was now rather more than dinner time, but neither DICK nor JOE appeared---JULIA was uneasy---Four o'clock struck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five---but nobody arrived.---Six---seven---eight---nobody !---During these intervals she paid frequent visits to an object in distress, in the adjoining chamber and charged her hostess with great sincerity, at whatever time she went away, to be attentive to his necessities till her return.

I have said it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneasy---It was now half past eight. " Still nobody !---Good Heaven ! are my misfortunes never to end ?"---At about a quarter before nine two of Sir JOHN FIELDING's men entered the room, with DICK---drunk, very drunk---at their head.

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts may be, certain it is that SIR JOHN FIELDING's men are come in quest of JULIA ; and I'll lay you plumbs to pip-pins that you cannot conjecture their business with her.

To understand it, your memory must recur to the adventures of JULIA with the highwayman.—He had met with her in the bagnio, and given her a purse with money in it, and in their departure from thence the highwayman was seized—JULIA fled, and was by chance conducted to the round house—The generous highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the contemptible son of Mars, already noted—When this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of Holborn had alighted there upon the same business—As the highwayman therefore was secured, the first business thought necessary was to search him, and all the different purses of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman.---It was agreed that he could not have spent it in so short a time : *ergo*, he must have given it away---To corroborate the suspicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the perfumed officer confirmed it---The case was therefore plain ; JULIA must have the purse in her possession --Away they sallied, with the officers at their

head, through streets, bagnios, taverns, and night-houses ; but in vain : she was no where to be found---The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met DICK the watchman---(DICK was at this time returning to JULIA without any answer or information ; for instead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money.) The thief-taker enquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had seen such a lady---after describing her very minutely, “ Seen her ! (said DICK) why, she is at my house.” This information was sufficient for the servant of justice : he took DICK by the arm, and summoning one of his companions, set off for the lodging of JULIA.

We have already seen them introduced where she was. They seized her without ceremony, and proceeded as usual, to search her---The fatal purse, so remarkable for the golden tassel at either end, was in a moment found.---This confirmed the suspicion, and she was carried away as an accomplice.-----

When

When will persecution cease to follow virtue?

SIR JOHN was not that night at home, and they informed her that she must be imprisoned till morning---*Imprisoned!* She shrieked at the very sound.---“ Pshaw! (said one of them, seeing her confusion) you need not be terrified, I assure you Ma’am: we are not going to a common prison---I have a pretty little snug house, and as close as a cage, where you may sleep as soundly as in your own bedchamber. No difference in the world, I assure you, Ma’am---only that every door and window in the house is inclosed with iron bars.---That’s all I assure you, Ma’am: and notwithstanding these advantages, it will cost you only *a guinea* for your bed---not a farthing more, I assure you, Ma’am---I keeps the best usage, the best *tendance*, and the best wines in the *Garden*.”

Eloquent and agreeable as this language certainly was, it did not gladden the heart of JULIA. But there was no choice in the case

case, and she followed her guides---Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where there was a fire and good furniture---She was left alone for ten minutes ; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and asked what she chose for supper. "Nothing." ---What did she choose to drink then? "Nothing." "Oho (replied he) an' if so be that you are so rusty, good night to you, with all my heart." He then turned upon his heels ; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key which grated as it turned, amidst the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful sounds to the ear of JULIA-----
Her teeth grated, and her joints trembled
---This was the severest stroke of all. To be imprisoned ! and as an accomplice of a highwayman too !---" But she submitted to Heaven.

At length the soul, by its powerful and violent plunging, overcame the body---
Wearied with affliction, her spirits languished,

guished, and nature sunk into slumber—Sleep of this kind, though not always the most placid, is the heaviest—She slept till eight in the morning; when she arose—At nine they paid her a visit, and she ate some breakfast; and at ten she was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to Bow-street.

Here she did not wait long for the appearance of the justice, for every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as necessary to the examination.—Indeed, it was thought most proper to begin questioning him apart upon the subject, and then with examining JULIA; and by the comparison of their respective evidences the truth might be easily discovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obstinacy, natural to men in his desperate situation, prevented him from giving any account of the purse which was missing. But now when he was informed that JULIA was really in custody, that honor which was not yet
entirely

entirely extinguished in his heart, was roused for her safety—He ingenuously told SIR JOHN the history of the purse, with even its most minute circumstances; that he had robbed her among the rest; that he afterwards met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of restoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that she was in every respect innocent of the crime with which she was charged.

JULIA was next examined, and her evidence most exactly squared with the former. Ingenuous as usual, she took up the story at Elmwood, and carried it forward to the event of the purse; and she told her little tale with that truth and simplicity which can never be counterfeited. She added that there was *somewhere* in town a person who could confirm her words beyond suspicion; but alas! poor JOE! she knew not where to find him. “JOE! (said one of the justice’s men, who stood behind JULIA)—what, is your name JULIA, madam?” “Yes (replied JULIA).” The man immediately ran out, and brought
back

back in his hand the *Daily Advertiser*, in which he read the following advertisement:

“ If a sarten yung Lady, Miss Fullia—
 “ (whose name is nothing to nobody, and
 “ which I doan’t mention here, becaise I
 “ doan’t thing it proper)—sees this, this is to
 “ let you kno, Miss Fullia, Joe dusn’t kno
 “ where you be, and that you dusn’t kno
 “ where Joe is, for he is to be found at the
 “ fine of the Swain with two Necks in Lad
 “ Lane, and no where else, as witness my
 “ hand, by me,

JOE *****.”

This very extraordinary advertisement is copied *verbatim et literatim* from the real paper, which I have now in my possession—JULIA listened to it with attention, and confessed her feelings in her eyes, which glistened with expectation. Not contented with aural information, she snatched the paper, and devoured the precious morsel with her own eyes. In short, the simplicity of the thing spoke for itself, and JOE it was most undoubtedly.

But it may be necessary to explain this affair. I again summon the memory of my readers back to that time of our history, when JOE and JULIA unluckily parted in Holborn—JOE did not look for her till the coach stopt in the inn-yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhausted. The rest of the company had been out of the coach some minutes. At length he ventured to thrust in his head—but she was not there ! He started back on his heel, and gazed widely round the yard but in vain. Opposite to him he saw the door of a public room open, and he rushed in without ceremony : From thence he sallied into the kitchen, strode into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. He marched into the stables, and in short every place where he saw a door open to receive him—but all would not do : She was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one peep more into it, but all was solitary ! “ God bless my heart (said JOE to himself, fidgetting and scratching
among

among his auburn hair) protect and save me from all temptations and evil spirits! I wish I could see Miss JULIA again." Now, at last, he bethought him of what he ought to have done first, viz. to question the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. " Didn't she leave no word with you for me?" (said he to the coachman.) " No."—" Don't you know where she went?"—" No"—" Don't you think she'll come here this night?"—" I can't tell you, upon my word."—JOE, with downcast looks and folded arms, measured the space across the yard with long and melancholy strides.—He walked into the passage of the house, and marked the clock—He counted the hours, as they rolled slow and heavy, but he saw not his mistress—It was now ten o'clock, but no JULIA came.

They are not the severest, but they are the most anxious moments the mind knows, when the possessor of it, simple, timid, and honest,
feels

feels himself far from home, and forsaken, in the midst of strangers—These moments JOE now felt in all their bitterness—He went to bed without hope, and he arose in the morning with despair—He grieved incessantly, and he wished for the bosom of a friend to receive his sorrows—At length he disclosed his mind to the hostler, and the hostler gave him his advice—It was this: *To Advertise*—“Every body, he said, did it, upon every subject. Always, when he lost a *horse*, he advertised for it; and why might not JOE do the same now for JULIA?—It would certainly lay open the whole affair, for advertisements could do any thing,”

At this time JOE stood too greatly in need of comfort, not to take any advice that was offered to him. But he thought this advice excellent.—He accordingly wrote with great care the advertisement we have already repeated, and the hostler sent one of his boys with him to the *Daily Advertiser*.—And this is the history of this extraordinary advertisement.

When

When the justice found so many circumstances spontaneously conspiring to vindicate her innocence—that her amiable simplicity subjected her to so many dangers, and that she was the object rather of a polite humanity than of persecution, he resolved to interest himself in her safety—and, in the first place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct JOE to his mistress—As to the fat woman, the Magistrate told her that her money should be taken care of; and the highwayman was remanded to prison.

JOE arrived—Suffice it to say, that JULIA pressed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and JOE took fast hold of the skirt of her robe, as if he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met, the justice politely asked JULIA how he could most effectually serve her? She replied, that her only business in town was to deliver letters to Lord C——, and that if he would favour her with a guide thither, she would always remember him with the most unfeigned

gratitude—This she obtained; and, once more acknowledging her obligations to the justice, they all set off for Berkley-square.

Here they soon arrived, the guide leaving them at the door.---JOE immediately took off his hat, for he thought it high-treason to be covered within six yards of a *Lord's* door---They knocked, but were told by the porter his Lordship was not at home.---JULIA said she was sorry for that, because she had *letters of importance* for him. "I can't help that (answered the porter) he's not at home; and he'll not be home---I don't know when he'll be home."---But could not you guess, Sir?---because a *great deal depends upon it*.---"Lord, Ma'am! (replied the liveried Cerberus) I tell you I know nothing about it."---Sounds so ungentle, uttered by so rude a voice, frightened JULIA effectually, and she hastened away from the door; and JOE, sorrowful enough, was preparing to follow---when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lad, (said this dog in office) who is that?"

My mistress (answered JOE).

“ Ay—From the country, I suppose?”

Yes (replied JOE): I come from the country too.

“ O—so I see—so I see.—You are not acquainted, I find, with the *ways* in this town?”

No, Sir, (said JOE)—not with *all* of them.

“ Why, then---(come hither---your ear a moment) I have the honour to be Lord C——’s porter; and my master has ordered me—that is, I and my master have agreed—to receive no letter here, unless the bearer gives me a crown.---However, as you and your mistress are strangers, and I am a man of honor, I’ll be more merciful to you, and so consent to take only half-a-crown---But mum---fly---not a word for your life--for if my master was to hear I *take so little*, he’d turn me out of my place.

Sure I am, master (answered JOE) indeed we are both very much obliged to you for being so kind.--But then what can you do for us, if so be that my Lord a'n't at home?

" Pshaw, man! (said the porter) run after your mistress and bring the money, and I'll satisfy you about that."

O---an' that be all (replied JOE) I can pay the money myself.

He drew out his last half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after JULIA, and as he went he murmured to himself---" Icod tho', wern't that a *Lord's* house, it looks hugely like bribery and corruption."

Our two travellers now returned, and were received by the porter with a more gracious complaisance. He now informed them, that, tho' his Lordship was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return to town to dinner; but that if they were in a hurry, the young Lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his absence. JULIA

delivered her packet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti-chamber. The letters were sent up to the noble youth in his dressing-room.

Now, in order to prepare my readers for a very important æra in the life of my heroine, it may be necessary to relate what this noble youth was---A foolish grandmother had left him three thousand a-year, independent of his father, and of his age ; all which, with three thousand more, he gallantly spent like a man of spirit, long before the year was expired---He asserted, that every kingdom in Europe contributed to furnish his seraglio: he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one French, one Spanish, one Italian, one Scandinavian, one German, one Irish, and one British nymph, all at one time ; which he actually did. He was deep in the mysteries of hazard, and knew DEMOIVRE better than the Decalogue---He had killed five waiters, and shot two ecclesiastics.---He boasted too, that he had killed fifteen women, by *breaking their hearts* with a hopeless passion. This, however, was (to use

an old and honest English phrase) a *lie*: for he never killed but one woman, and that was by *breaking*---not her *heart*, but her *neck*. Suffice it to say, that his manners were elegantly infamous.

Such was the youth to whom the letter of the father of JULIA was carried. He opened it, and on reading the following paragraph,

“ *I have presumed, my Lord, to send my DAUGHTER as the bearer of this petition,*”
&c.

on reading this, he rung his bell with great haste, and enquired if the *bearer* was below? Being informed that she was, he flew down the stairs, and, looking in JULIA's face, with the most polite courtesy, desired her to walk up stairs while he considered the tenor of her letter. The servants were ordered at the same time to conduct JOE into the hall, and be civil to him. JULIA ascended after her noble patron.

Hic

Hic pauca desunt. We must here pass over the history of half an hour, because it is not yet ripe for relation.

In the mean time Lord C——'s Chaplain, who had been with his Lordship in the country, arrived at the house—He came home before his Lordship, to finish some business of importance to himself before dinner-time—When he entered, he observed JOE staring about in the hall, and perceiving him to be a stranger from the country, entered into conversation with him—He had not many questions to ask, for JOE, with his usual frankness, told him the whole history—about himself, about JULIA, and JULIA's business, and where she was now, and with whom---Now this Chaplain was plain in his manners, and equally plain in his dress---so plain, that he scarcely appeared to be *of the cloth*--Though an enemy to blood shed, he was far from being a coward;---though a Churchman, he was no hypocrite; and though he would not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, he was allowed to be an exemplary man.

The Chaplain having finished his interview with JOE, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door, when a loud shriek saluted his ear--then another--and another. A thousand ideas rushed upon his mind. He knew JULIA by report, and he knew his young Lord by experience---There was no doubt of the business below.---He hastened down the stairs, and listened a moment at the key-hole---He could only perceive that some persons were engaged in a violent struggle, and that the chairs were knocked against each other---He tried to enter, but the door was locked.---Placing his shoulder against it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleness and with ease. He entered; and lo! innocence was once more in distress!

The hair of JULIA was dishevelled, and a handkerchief was drawn close over her mouth, which prevented her cries.---Her cloak and handkerchief lay upon the floor, and the arms of her ravisher were twined closely around her---A shoe had dropt from her foot, and many of the pins had quitted
her

her bosom.--Unfortunate girl! continually doomed to be the prey of cowards and scoundrels!

The noble youth quitted his hold when the Chaplain appeared, and, advancing to him, exclaimed in a threatening tone, "How dare you, Sir, force your impertinence upon *me* in my own dressing-room?"

"My Lord (returned the young man, putting his left hand in his bosom, and giving him a full but indifferent look)---

"My Lord--does it suit your high spirit to be told, that you are the meanest--O by far the meanest creature in your father's house? Noble, without worth---and proud, without dignity---you are beneath the miscreant who caters for your appetites.---Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do not pull you by the nose---I do not kick you on the breech---I do not lash you round the room---I do not in any degree deign to chastise the wretch, who has stooped to insult a beautiful, an unoffending woman--Go then, you boaster! retire into your closet,

closet, blush in private ; and remember that you have reduced yourself to be forced to hear these stinging truths, even from so humble a man as your father's Chaplain.—I scorn, Sir, to tell your father that you are a scoundrel ; but do not forget that for the future I consider you as my inferior.”

He finished ; and taking JULIA by the hand, he led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him.—The dignity of manhood is resistless—the peerling reddened and the pastor triumphed.

He conducted her into his own apartment, and sympathized with her in that strain of humane politeness which is ever inseparable from undebauched minds--After she had composed herself, he distantly enquired (as if he had not known) into her business---This was exactly a repetition of JOE's narration.—“ I thank you, Madam, (said he) for your politeness. You will see Lord C—— in about an hour ; but previously I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not to be longer concealed from you--

you—It is now one o'clock—Exactly at ten
 ——about three hours ago——Lord C——
 appointed me to the living you are come
 to solicit." This information in no degree
 startled JULIA, nor unruffled her features.
 She observed, that since her father had not
 been lucky enough to obtain the vicarage,
 she was happy the appointment was bestowed
 upon a man who resembled him so much in
 his virtues.

At the time specified Lord C—— ar-
 rived. JULIA was introduced to him by
 the Chaplain, and he sent to his son for her
 letters. On reading them he confirmed
 what the Chaplain had mentioned.

He then turned to JULIA, saluted her
 with that virtuous freedom for which he was
 always remarkable, and fondly conversed
 with her about the moments he had spent
 with her father fifty years ago—He next in-
 sisted that she should stay with him two or
 three days; to which she with the utmost
 difficulty assented, and of which she in-
 formed

formed her parent by letter. When the young Lord heard that JULIA was to continue her visit, he assumed some pretence for retiring to his father's villa till her departure.

Need I mention, that the Chaplain felt the force of the eyes of JULIA ! From the moment he first saw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core—The tears of a fine woman are more eloquent than the lip of Tully.

—————Unskilful they

Who dress the Queen of Love in wanton smiles ;
Brightest she shines amidst a show'r of tears :
The graces that adorn her beauty most
Are softness, sensibility, and pity.

With regard to the young Chaplain, JULIA, on her part—but I will not say any thing about it. It is sufficient to observe, that from the moment a man evinces his courage and his honor, the heart of female virtue is ready to receive his vow.

A CALM

A CALM INQUIRY

INTO THE PRESENT STATE OF OUR

THEATRES.

“ There are more things in Heaven and Earth,

“ Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE ablest advocates for the Drama, have always urged in its defence, that it improved the manners of the people, and encouraged a spirit of learning. To accomplish these ends, it was doubtless first instituted; and it cannot be justified under a wise or vigilant government upon any other account—I believe it would not be singularly difficult to prove, that corruption of manners, and decay of learning, have generally, if not always, attended the corruption of the stage; and that they have flourished or declined in proportion, as that continued pure or degenerate—*Athens* and *Rome*, those two famous republics, were at the zenith of their glory, when their stage was in perfection, and popular virtue gathered her best habits, from scenic example—In *England*, it is remarkable, that the

the revival of *learning* and of the *stage*, was effected at the same epoch : for if I must not call SHAKESPEAR and JOHNSON, the fathers of our dramatic poetry, they were certainly the first who refined it---Those matchless bards were scarce cold in their tombs, before anarchy became triumphant, and the glories of the drama were temporally eclipsed---With the restoration of CHARLES, the Theatre revived from depression, and the muses were welcomed once more, though delicacy was then enfeebled, and the colloquy of Britain sullied by exotic grossness!--When the good sense of the nation had resisted the progress of seductive ribaldry, the stage was considered as exemplary, and decency sat unabashed to behold the mimic vicissitudes of mirth and sorrow---In this state of propriety, it continued until discretion was vitiated by the mummeries of the *ultramontani*, and folly permitted to introduce *Italian music*, which though highly agreeable in itself, has had a malignant influence upon the dignity of the drama.

The baneful associate, or rather the successor, of this evil, was the *Dumb Shew*, or *Pantomime* ; the first of which was nominated *Saint George* and the *Dragon*, and represented at *Sadler's Wells* at the commencement of the present century---The gate of public indulgence was scarcely thrown open, before a motley family rushed upon the general eye, and *Harlequin*, *Colombine*, *Scaramouch*, and *Pierrot*, gambolled upon the metropolitan stage, beneath the bust of SHAKESPEAR, like jocund demons before the holy *Anthony*---Now the million were contaminated, and rather sought what was *wonderful* than *wise*---Woods and mountains were metamorphozed into giants and windmills, and popular weakness attached the absurdity to our honored Drama---A mean appendage to a valued essential

essential, like worsted edging to the orris petticoat of the regal Elizabeth!—

I have ever considered a Theatre as analogous to a regiment, where each individual should labour in progressive gradation with cheerfulness, and willingly obey the injunction of the principal, under the hope, that each particular exertion would concentrate in the glory of the whole.—But it does not follow, because the authority of the generalissimo is undeniable, that it is never to be resisted.—If he enforces the drummer to stand centinel, or the Chaplain to mount guard, the ruinous absurdity of such measures, will make his mandate abhorred, and his dignity questionable.—I consider, as instances not entirely dissimilar, the thrusting so estimable an actor as Mr. WILSON on the stage, in the pantomime of the *Picture of Paris*, merely to walk as a dumb figure, when a supernumerary would be equally effectual: and the extraordinary resolve, that so charming a singer as Mr. INCLEDON should fill up the void of a common chorus.—Such deeds of incongruity wear the features of insolence, and to give an insult where a reciprocity of kindness should be necessarily established, is an unerring testimony that the ministers are insane, and the state in danger.—But I trust such wounds to merit will, like those given by the sword of Telepheus, bear an accompanying property to heal the laceration.—The public, unwilling to have their felicities abridged, must eventually interfere; thus the overstrained violence of the evil may excite a revolution, partial to excellence, and fatal to error.

As the debasement of eminence, in any degree, is hostile to the purposes of greatness and rectitude, I must vehemently oppose a pernicious system, which seems to be
nearly

nearly established at our winter theatres—I mean the diminutive arts which are practised to reduce the professional importance of a performer, that the privy council of the Theatre are determined to distress—When this resolve has passed their little judicatory, they immediately proceed to offer them a series of unprofitable parts, and the successor of each is more inconsiderable than the preceding character—thus they gently let them down from the public estimation, until the object becomes so diminished, that it is received by Oblivion, when the eye of humanity can scarce notice the declension, or regret the ruin—In my feeble opinion, no argument can palliate such enormities—The deed is contemptible and ungenerous—That heart which would wish to extinguish what it will no longer nurture, must be corrupted by satanic atoms—Yet, notwithstanding such instances of oppression are frequent, I do not believe, on any other occasion, that either Mr. SHERIDAN, or Mr. HARRIS, would perpetrate a deliberate wrong for any temporal consideration !—

Among the candidates of the present day for the dramatic laurel, the diurnal chronicles have been most loud in praise of Mrs. ESTEN—Her merits as an actress are equivocal, yet her introduction into notice was bold and energetic—Though to be what we ought is scarce possible; to be what we should not, scarcely admits of extenuation—Her *debut* was equal to the first instances of presumption—The sinister puffs which raised her little name were malevolent in matter, but intolerant by repetition—She peculates with particular address, and consolidates the jewel-fraught *strata* of her neighbour, with the common marle of her own understanding. To those dolts who never perforate skin deep, beneath the effect, Mrs. ESTEN appears

appears somewhat more than clever, as she arranges the brilliant theft with so much art, that the original meanness and nothingness of the dramatic daw, is enveloped amid the splendor of the stolen plumage.

The most perfect part she has enacted since her arrival in this metropolis, as a public woman, is unquestionably *Rosalind*, in *Shakespeare's* beautiful pastoral of *As you like it*—But this character, like the rest, is an assemblage of graces most subtly collected from Mrs. CRAWFORD, Mrs. JORDAN and Mrs. SIDDONS, and ably applied as props to her own professional infirmities.—Now she laughs in *ali*, with the sprightliness of a CRAWFORD—Then admonishes in the hollow note of calamity, like the sepulchral heavings of a SIDDONS—Now affects the ease of an ABINGTON, then the insinuating arch listlessness of a JORDAN—but a mental robbery should not be too harshly decried, when the robber's intellect is callow and unproductive—It argues a wish to be estimable in despite of the Creator, and is a species of venial ambition, which may render that animal respectable, who can never hope to be eminent—

Perhaps I cannot convey my opinion of this lady's merits more concisely than by the following lines, which I wrote in the form of a letter to a female friend of mine, who required me to give my ideas of Mrs. ESTEN's professional powers,

If your versatile taste for variety burns,

I pray see this Proteus-like elf:

We have ABINGTON, SIDDONS, and JORDAN by turns,

For she's always *another* but never *herself*.

No individual, particularly females, should make their probationary essays on the stage, after they are thirty years of age ;—The material objection is, that the nervous system has then, generally speaking, been too much unstrung by those unpleasant vicissitudes, which annoy us more or less in our passage through existence, and thereby render the novitiate unfit to resist those fears, which make the mind and body independent of each other, and destroy our agency in public exertions—Such apprehension is most powerful in bosoms where merit loves to dwell—To the asinine, such delicate emotions are unknown—the flesh holds dominion over the spirit, and the brute is unconsciously audacious, when judgment would have the man modest.

To dwell upon the excellence of the departed has ever been a favorite theme with the tenants of the sister kingdom, and certainly it is a prejudice which ought not to be inconsiderately shaken or removed—yet should not be permitted on any occasion so far, to absorb our faculties as to render us insensible to existing merit—In many of our comedies, the venial blunders of Hibernians, form the richest dish which laughter can administer to our senses, and in proportion as those effusions are well or ill delivered, the spring-tides of delight rise in the bosom of reflection—From all I have perceived, and from all I can gather from the critical elders, the stage *never* has been in possession of two members so eminently qualified to pourtray a *polished*, and an *unpolished* Irishman as Mr. JOHNSTONE and Mr. ROCK, of Covent Garden Theatre—That the peculiar qualifications of the *first*, in this department of the drama, has never been properly noted, arises from his long established celebrity in another professional path ; and the leading reason why the *other*
has

has scarce been mentioned in any shape, is, that freezing unwillingness in society ever to acknowledge that *great*, which in its first advancement on observation, appeared rather diminutive than gigantic!

I could with as much felicity behold the toad at the ear of our first mother, as KEMBLE at the ear of his mistress--- The action is awkward, and the issue must be unpropitious---indeed any attempt on his part to convey the argument of tenderness to a woman seems like a terrible violation of his innate properties---He moves towards her as agile as a pig of lead in a *sandango*---looks as pleasantly as a dragon at destruction, and when the assailed beauty shews a disposition to consent, the muscles of his visage deny the offices of rapture.

When Mr. SHERIDAN was sufficiently lunatic to permit him to enact CHARLES in the *School for Scandal*, I wrote the following epigram :

CHARLES'S MARTYRDOM,

When Briton's were frantic *one Carolus* bled,
Now Hope thought our lunacy barter'd;
Till KEMBLE, unarm'd with a hatchet, us'd lead,
And another most horribly martyr'd.

But the *Icari* of the day, cover the demerit of truth, like the locusts in their visitation to Egypt---They buzz around our senses, and threaten but to be pestilential where they are most fond--And it cannot be sufficiently regretted, that the force of their numbers makes their extinction difficult, and their authority disastrous.

One of the most considerable novelties we have had lately in the dramatic world is Mr. MUNDEN, who was, unfortunately for his honor, engaged to represent two of

the best performances, of two of our most excellent performers on the same evening---The first being the *chef d'œuvre* of QUICK, and the other of our lamented EDWIN---Mr. MUNDEN's insufficiency was (to me) so apparent, that I wrote in consequence the following epigram :

" Have you seen the great MUNDEN, in *Gripe* and in
Jumps ?

Roar'd Tom, by Solicitude fed !

I have, and by G----d, they both gave me the dumps,

For they're neither the *quick* nor the *dead*.

But notwithstanding that opinion, I have since beheld him in *Meadows* in the *Deaf Lover*, and *Sir Samuel Sheepy*, and must confess, that his merits in both characters, highly enhanced his professional reputation—This young actor has acquired a method of exercising the lower tones of his voice too frequently—Unless the comedian is didactic, he should avoid that propensity, as equally ruinous to his fame and truth.

I am informed, that Mr. MUNDEN was considered as a ROSCIUS in the North of England. If it was thus, the good people of the North have suffered their prejudices to eclipse the judgment, Mr. MUNDEN is entitled to so much estimation, as is cognizable by mediocrity—When MOSSOP and ROSS were in the full bloom of their reputation, the natives of Ireland and England, maintained with similar pertinacity, that each was a phoenix—The impropriety of such false adoration was thus epigrammatically exposed :

In Ireland they praise Mossop,

In England they cry Ross up.

'Tis not a fair test;

Of which is the best,

But which is the *worst* is a toils-up.

Theatric managers sometimes imitate Virgil, who, in his *Æniad*, makes Dido a more interesting personage than Lavinia, upon whom the whole action turns—Thus partiality is often permitted to conquer truth---If the crooked politics of a Theatre did not defy investigation, I should marvel at the demeanor of Mr. HARRIS towards Mr. INCLEDON—He emblazoned Mr. BOWDEN, and reduces him---He decorates a jakes, and puts his foot upon a carnation---A being gifted like INCLEDON may be *insulted*, but cannot be *depressed*.

During the paroxysms of intemperate resentment, I have not unfrequently been impelled to attempt the annihilation of Mr. HARRIS ; but ere I could forge the thunderbolt of destruction, my sentiment has been diverted from its purpose, by some noble act of benevolence--Thus the gallantry of his mind, in one instance, apologized for its weakness in another, and the antipathies of my judgment have been superceded by the admiration of my heart.

Difficult as it certainly is, for the manager of a metropolitan Theatre to administer general satisfaction, the accomplishment is nearly possible---Though the gentlemanly manners of Mr. LEWIS, and the monkish repulsion of Mr. KEMBLE, have been similarly ineffectual.

That beautiful regret, those tributary sighs to faded glory, which accompany the *elder* COLMAN in his present joyless state, by every individual who was accustomed to receive his behest, is an unerring instance, that the governor and the governed, even in the dramatic world, *may be* endeared to each other---But the heart that nurtures his being, was washed by the milk of human kindness.

I believe as much influence is established in society by the mild essays of urbanity, as the more uncouth efforts of hot presumption---The alluring candor of Mr. FOX, and the persuasive gentleness of COUNSELLOR FIELDING, operate as powerfully, as the ludicrous *fierte* of Mr. PITT, or the verbal fury of JACK LEE.

When Mr. KING was disengaged from Drury Lane Theatre, in the year 1789, Mr. HARRIS waited upon him, and eagerly requested he would engage with him for three years---The terms were mentioned, the affair ratified, and Mr. HARRIS made his *conge*---About five hours after, Mr. W——— was deputed, on the part of Mr. HARRIS, to inform Mr. KING, that the Manager of Covent Garden Theatre had reconsidered the circumstance, and could not extend the engagement beyond one year---Mr. KING started---remonstrated, and at length acceded to the proposal---This is a clear proof, that Mr. HARRIS does not, or dares not, *think for himself*---I wish, for the honor of the stage, and of human nature, that he did.

Why Mrs. ABINGTON and Mr. LEE LEWES are not engaged, during the present paucity of excellence at Covent Garden Theatre, Reason ardently enquires.

From

From some cause at present unscrutinized, the merits, of Mrs. WEBB, have never been properly estimated--- Though in her style of acting she is wonderfully great, and when compared with Mrs. HOPKINS, of Drury Lane Theatre, appears like a brilliant opposed to a glass bead.

The best exertions of Mr. KING now, may be considered ^{as} the *caput mortuum* of excellence, like the faint glimmerings of a parish lamp, when Phœbus has renewed his government ---A convenience that has outlived the request of society ---Hourly subject to the rude hand of demolition, and luminous without effect.

The *Cordelia* of Miss BRUNTON—The *Adelaide* of Mrs. MATTOCKS—The *Edgar* of Mr. HOLMAN—And the *Ague Cheek* of Mr. DODD, are among the best scenic efforts I ever beheld.

Dramatic poetry seems now vitiated beyond all possibility of its being repurified---And the capacity of the public seems vulgarised in a proportionate degree, to the abilities of the authors---It will not be credited by posterity, that a British metropolitan audience, had listened to the low colloquy of the *Siege of Belgrade*, as noiseless as the *ante-mundane* void—But every avenue to success is vigilantly guarded against the approaches of Merit by Prostitution, Ignorance and Malignity.

With the determination of restoring the dignity of the drama, was Phœbus to forego the regulation of the day, correct the *Phœdra* of *Euripides*, and offer it to the Managers of our metropolitan Theatres, it is more than probable, that the offer would be rejected with indifference, and the lord of Parnassus compelled to retire

from the scenic despots with a sigh, and augment the Helicon with tears wrung from sensations, excited by national shame and divine woe !!!

When Mr. SHERIDAN commenced dramatic writer, and presented his Comedy of the RIVALS to Mr. HARRIS, the manuscript was so voluminous, that more than one half of the matter was expunged to render it proper for performance—The fate of this piece was so inauspicious, that it is rather wonderful he should have made a second attempt of a similar nature; the RIVALS was, in the theatrical phrase, *damned* the first night of its being brought forward, *nemine contradicente*—The friends of the author were willing to ascribe this disgrace to the bad acting of Mr. LEE, who performed the part of Sir LUCIUS O' TRIGGER, and not to the plot and dialogue, which are both certainly dull and hackneyed—The character of Sir LUCIUS was afterwards given to Mr. LAWRENCE CLINCH, who sustained it so admirably, that the author, from a motive of gratitude, wrote an inconsiderable afterpiece to assist his benefit, entitled SAINT PATRICK'S DAY—Notwithstanding this discomfiture, the late Mr. WILKIE, of St. Paul's Church-yard, gave Mr. SHERIDAN 200 l. for the copy right of the RIVALS, though he afterwards confessed to me, that he was a considerable loser by the purchase.

His next dramatic production was the farce of the DUENNA, which he called an opera—This pleasant absurdity in three acts, is borrowed from the *Scicelienne* of *Moliere* and *Il Filosofo di campagna*.

The SCHOOL for SCANDAL, from which the Author derives nine tenths of his importance as a dramatist, is a
piece

piece of much excellence as to colloquy, but very deficient as to plot—In the construction of the *SCHOOL for SCANDAL*, Mr. SHERIDAN has purloined liberally from MURPHY, WYCHERLY, CONGREVE, and FIELDING.

His last dramatic effort of the *CRITIC* was originally intended as an interlude, and only the first act meant to be performed; but at the instigation of that valuable comedian Mr. PARSONS, he changed his design, and added another act, the major part of which he wrote while at Harrow School—The common idea that *SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY* was intended as a satire on Mr. CUMBERLAND is fallacious, as no particular person was alluded to—Some of the performers imagining it was a satire on the *elder* COLMAN, Mr. SHERIDAN expressed a wish that it should rather be considered as a likeness of CUMBERLAND, both characters having openly affected to treat the news-paper Editors with contempt, while they secretly trembled at their power.

The manifest neglect shewn to brilliant talents in the present day is notoriously afflictive—Men appear rather to hate their neighbour for being illustriously eminent than otherwise—What a satire upon our manners is PHILIP's letter to ARISTOTLE on the birth day of ALEXANDER—"The Gods," were the words of the royal Macedonian, "have given me a son, but I thank them not so much for giving me one, as for giving him in the time of ARISTOTLE"—Was the wise Greek living now, I have many doubts, if Mr. PITT would *condescend* to admit him within his gates--three-fourths of our nobility have a glorious contempt for every thing that is great and good!

Wit, like science, hath its rise and fall, its crisis and revolutions---There are certain periods when a nation
hath

hath had no wit---in the infancy of this brilliant inmate, the progeny of Parnassus indulge their imaginations in petty concerts, a play upon verbal sounds, and the embarrassing antiphrasis---The anagram and acrostic, the quibble, conundrum, and rebus, are the amusements of the choice spirits of such an æra---The honors of the pun and the quiddity were preserved by the predilection of our first JAMES, whose zeal against wizards and tobacco-pipes was eminently notorious---In a few succeeding reigns, the pun and its dependencies were absorbed in a sea of metaphysics---The conundrum retired to the university; where making out his descent in a right line from Origen, Justin Martyr, St. Austin, St. Jerome, and all the Greek and Latin fathers, he was allowed his grace, and shortly took his degree of Doctor in divinity---

MODERN POETRY is the very essence of all that is nonsensical---yet to these vapid productions, do we constantly see prefixed a bold and saucy falsehood, involving the hackneyed terms of *beautiful* - *sublime* - *energetic*, and *elegant*---If our diurnal prints continue to be thus prostituted, praise will be no longer significant of excellence---But as the public may not know the *cause* of this prostitution, they shall---Most of these rhyming animals are persons of fortune, and the editors of the *young papers* imagine, if they suffer these *Cæsars*---*Arnos*---*Lauras*---*Auras*---*Gruscas* and *Fuscas*, to puff themselves violently, they will naturally run about the metropolis to exhibit the self-written eulogiums, and eventually assist the publication, by extending its influence---

I have ever considered such *petty poetess* as Mr. PYE, Mr. COOPER, Mr. HAYLEY, Mr. UPTON, Mr. MERRY, and Mr. PRATT, as the *male-mollies* of Parnassus---A
 sort

fort of men-milliners to the muses, who permit them to adorn their drapery with *pretty little flowers*, wash a *chemise*, and get up their small linen---at such harmless attentions, the ladies of Helicon smile; but when they want enjoyments more material, they resort to men.

The MUSICIANS.

I trust it will not be deemed egregiously irrelative, if I embrace this opportunity of administering a public acknowledgment of the merits of an estimable corps of individuals, among whom I am honored with many valuable friends---I allude to the MUSICIANS---The existence of such men as Dr. ARNOLD---Dr. HAYES---Mr. RAUZZINI---Mr. SHIELD---Mr. SHAW---Mr. W. PARKE, &c. should form one of the first points of pride in the land which gave them birth.

The alacrity with which they rush forward and embody, to enforce the purposes of social Pity, is an unerring indication, that their minds are uplifted by innate dignity, and harmonized by godlike charity.

VINDICATION of the STAGE.

The illiberal and the malignant speak of the STAGE and its adherents contemptuously; but they speak without knowledge---deeply laden with sensibility, they cannot behold the writhings of woe, with the apathy of common minds---their feelings create a promptitude to relieve, and the gallantry of their hearts suggest expedients, which hide from the cherished object the sting of obligation!--to those whose faith is obscured by vulgar obloquy, I recommend a scrutiny of their actions---

After this honest and manly testimony, should any be *bad* or *mad* enough to question, in the aggregate, their

respectability or their honor, let Scorn point out the miscreant, and I will lead him to *Remorse*.

MY OWN VINDICATION.

Plato, though a friend to the benevolent system, considered propriety of conduct towards our neighbours, as the most essential part of virtue---Aristotle, Zeno, and Epicurus, adopted the same opinion.

I have been repeatedly accused, in various publications, of writing a nation into rebellion; and men and women into death and lunacy, by my satires. Seriously to refute such charges would not become me. As my life has been palpable and undisguised, I shall leave my character to protect itself. I hope my principles are congenial with liberality, and my deeds with manhood:

Were I a monarch, I would cover the Sciences with my regal wing, and shield their professors from the inclemencies of fortune---A CHATTERTON should not perish in the land for want, while a catamite was unloading the horn of plenty---The meritorious should elbow the rascal--and local honor be unallied to ridicule---Such public spirited men as Mr. BOYDEL and Mr. MACKLIN, who encourage the arts, and Mr. BELL, who has outdone the French in typographic beauty, should be eminently supported as valuable friends to commerce and ingenuity ---*Hic et ubique terrarum* should the wise and the estimable be dear to my embraces.

I do not act for the immediate felicities of animal existence, as I well know that the unkindnesses of fortune are not to be counteracted even by the strugglings of desert---my desires spring onward to the approbation of futurity.

I would

I would not, like a certain LEGAL PEER, after a life of infinite toil, and much reflected splendor, be compelled by the Deity to sit palsied and demi-facultied upon the threshold of eternity, listening to the execrations of a free nation, and rekindling the embers of passive obedience with the weak lungs of dotage, for the embellishments of the throne of Delhi, or the ruinous smile of an imbecile despot, who dares not shew his teeth or his prejudice, as the heaven-caught convulsions of Europe have given human liberty an additional coat of mail.

I scorn to circulate an argument which issues from the springs of malignity---I do nothing in hate, but all in honor---I will, while my feeble ability continues, investigate to improve, and admonish to amend---I never insulted the feeble---retreated from my foe, or forsook my friend; and IF I EVER SYSTEMATICALLY OR DELIBERATELY WRITE A SENTIMENT INJURIOUS TO HUMAN WORTHINESS, I HOPE THE CREATOR WILL ABRIDGE THE AGENCY OF THE OFFENDING LIMB.

F I N I S.

I have been thinking of you very much lately
and wondering how you are getting on.
I hope you are well and happy.
I have been very busy lately
but I have managed to find some time
to write you a few lines.
I am sure you will be glad to hear from me.
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and wondering how you are getting on.
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